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RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

(From the New York Observer.)

LETTER FROM EUROPE.

Leaving Paris.—Villages of the country.—Dinner at a country tavern.—Chalons.—Boat racing.—Lyons.—Stone Bridges built by Cæsar and Bonaparte.—Silk Weaving.

The evening of October 23d found my companion and myself in the Coupe of the diligence bound for Italy. The last farewells were said, the conducteur sounded his horn, the driver cracked his whip, the trained horses turned slowly into the line of march, and the huge lumbering vehicle followed them into the Rue Montmartre. Notwithstanding a three months residence in the French capital, a diligence in motion still excites in me something of the same feelings which I should have in seeing an elephant move with the speed of an Arabian courser. Especially in a large city, where corners are to be turned, crowded streets to be traversed, vehicles, animals, and men to be avoided, it dashes along with a fearful rapidity. Our course lay along the Boulevards—never seen to more advantage than when lighted with a thousand lamps—till we reached the place Bastile, near which we crossed the Seine, and turning up its left bank, were soon beyond the barrier, and at the same instant, beyond all signs of the city. In most directions there are no suburbs to Paris. Within the walls is the city, without, the country. Iron highways with their wains fire-winged, do not yet fill this land, or we should not have passed two days and the most of three nights in reaching Chalons-sur-Soane, a city of some distinction at the head of steamboat navigation upon the Soane.

The timidity, if not want of enterprise, which has prevented the building of railroads, is gradually yielding to confidence. Cars already pass from the capital to St. Cloud and St. Germain, and preparations are making for a road to Havre. We opened our eyes the morning after leaving Paris, upon a comparatively level country, whose gentle swells offered no feature of interest which almost any landscape of green fields and waving trees might not offer to one who has spent his summer months in a city. Nor, during our whole ride, did we find any thing to justify the epithet of 'la belle France.' The towns and villages through which we passed were alike compactly built of stone, with narrow and unsightly streets. A lofty tower, an antique church, often gives them in the distance an air of picturesqueness, but this poorly compensates for the want of freedom, gracefulness and taste. The style of building may be sufficiently accounted for by the circumstance of former times, which compelled a town-like architecture, narrow streets and stone walls, as a means of defence, while in part the same reason, with a want of intelligence and the inveteracy of habit, have prevented a change.

It has been remarked of the French, as also of the Italians, that their efforts are turned rather to the public, than to the private sources of pleasure.—Walks, theatres, churches, fountains, are prepared at great expense, while the comforts of home, the social pleasures of a domestic fireside, are almost unknown. Our dining on the second day, at a village without a name, might provoke the smiles or the grumble of the traveller according to his humor. We were ushered first into the kitchen of a low house, with a rough stone floor, and a fire-place whose dimensions would allow free room in the chimney corner. An immense iron pot containing all the various ingredients of dinner, was bubbling on the fire and filling the room with its savory steam. We were soon served in an adjoining room, and, judging from the appearance of the mass, the witches' cauldron with 'eye of newt and toe of frog,' could hardly have furnished a dish more complicated or less palatable. My own implement for cutting the sodden food was a jack-knife, and upon my friend's calling for a glass of milk, it was served in a vessel whose appearance checked his thirst while, at the same time, it saved him the trouble of drinking. As if in haste to depart from so meagre accommodations, we were furnished with a relay of eleven horses, who, in time to the lively cracks of half a dozen whips from as many postillions, dragged us at full speed up the steep hills and landed us by midnight at Chalons. Chalons lies in the midst of a region which produces some of the best ordinary wines of France, and our table is abundantly supplied at this season with delicious grapes, the most refreshing as well as the most poetical fruit.

We were no sooner fairly released from the diligence than we found our way on board the steamboat, which was to start at six o'clock the following morning for Lyons, and throwing ourselves upon the uncushioned benches of the cabin, were soon lost in slumbers from which we did not wake till the boat was far on her way. Boat racing is not confined to American waters. The 'Telegraph' had started an hour before us, but the 'Hirondelle' if she did not skim over the water with the lightness of a swallow, by morning light had nearly overtaken her rival. Nor was it long before the other stopping to receive passengers, she shot by and was ready to present first claims at all the lower stations. We were not to escape however without farther trial, for during our delay at the next station, the Telegraph had come so near, that in gaining the stream, it was necessary to pass directly under her bows, or, giving way to allow her the precedence. To do the latter was a moral impossibility, and almost a physical impossibility to do the former. As in cases of more importance, our captain chose rather to make the attempt than yield the palm even for a moment. The passengers silently watched the event. The boats touched—recoiled—touched again, and as ours veered a little to gain the middle of the stream, the other, not choosing to check his speed for our accommodation, and willing, no doubt, that if we did not run before we should have a fall, came directly upon us, the short thick bowsprit tearing up the railing and whirling the boat round till it headed up the stream. Then came the storm of which the stillness had been the prelude. Loud words and gestures, and shrugs and threats, and explanations gave release to suppressed feelings, until gaining again its course, the Hirondelle safely passed its antagonist and maintained its superiority till reaching Lyons.

Macon, the principal city on the river, is particularly famous for its wine. A bridge thrown across the river at this place is ascribed to Cæsar. The banks of the Saone offer but little picturesque or beautiful scenery till within a few miles of Lyons, where nature has moulded her hills into rich and variegated forms, richer still from contrast with the dull uniformity of the higher parts of the river scenery. Art has however done something to please the eye, in the number of light and airy chain bridges with which the river is adorned. They occur at distances of but a few miles, and never without awaking admiration. About three hours after noon we floated into Lyons, whose lofty and dingy houses on either side of the river, give a somewhat unpleasant impression to the stranger.

Oct. 26.—Lyons, the second city of France in population and wealth, containing more than 166,000 inhabitants, is situated between the Rhine and the Saone, some miles from their confluence, in something the same manner as Philadelphia is situated between the Delaware and the Schuylkill. In other respects, no cities can be more unlike, for one can hardly find a more perfect contrast to the broad and level, and regular streets, and well built houses of the city of Brotherly Love, than in the narrow and intricate windings and gloomy buildings of the French city. Lyons too extends beyond the Saone, which boasts here a bridge built by Julius Cæsar, and another by Bonaparte. The former is still entire, and with necessary repair may yet last for ages; and the latter, a perfect impress of the stern and masculine genius of its author, bating the accidents of war, bids fair to stand while the world stands. Compared with these massive arches, the graceful chain structure hangs suspended like a delicate fairy work, which a somewhat stronger wind than usual will blow away.

In wandering about the streets of this city we frequently hear the sound of the shuttle plied by the busy hand of the Lyonese, not in immense piles of buildings like our own manufactories of cotton, but in the small apartments of the poor, who thus earn their livelihood. We visited several, and most commonly found a child or two winding the spools by a simple machine, while the parent sat at the loom in the same room, and with his own hand wove the beautiful silk fabric, which next month might be sold in America. In our walk we mounted a hill within the city, on which the insurgents, in the insurrection a few years since, made for some time a successful stand against the attack of the regular troops. A new fort has, in consequence, been built, which effectually commands the spot. B.

GERMAN CRITICISM.

The Germans present just the antipodes of their French neighbors. Coming late on the arena of modern literature, they would seem to be particularly qualified for excelling in criticism by the variety of styles and models for their study, supplied by other nations. They have accordingly done wonders in this department, and have extended their critical wand over the remotest regions, dispelling the mists of old prejudice, and throwing the light of learning on what before was dark and inexplicable. They certainly are entitled to the credit of a singularly cosmopolitan power of divesting themselves of local and national prejudice. No nation has done so much to lay the foundations of that reconciling spirit of criticism, which, instead of condemning a difference of taste in different nations as a departure from it, seeks to explain such discrepancies by the peculiar circumstances of the nation, and thus from the elements of discord, as it were, to build up a universal and harmonious system. The exclusive and unfavorable views, entertained by some of their later critics, respecting the French literature, indeed, into which they have been urged, no doubt, by a desire to counteract the servile deference, shown to that literature by their countrymen of the preceding age, forms an important exception to their usual candor.

As general critics, however, the Germans are open to grave objections. The very circumstances of their situation, so favorable, as we have said, to the formation of a liberal criticism, have encouraged the taste for theories and for system-building, always unpropitious to truth. Whoever broaches a theory, has a hard battle to fight with conscience. If the theory cannot conform to the facts, so much the worse for the facts, as some wag has said;—they must, at all events, conform to the theory. The Germans have put together hypotheses with the facility with which children construct card-houses; and many of them bid fair to last as long. They show more industry in accumulating materials, than taste or discretion in their arrangement. They carry their fantastic imagination beyond the legitimate province of the Muse into the sober fields of criticism. Their philosophical systems, curiously and elaborately devised, with much ancient lore and solemn imaginings, may remind one of some of those venerable English cathedrals, where the magnificent and mysterious Gothic is blended with the clumsy Saxon. The effect, on the whole, is grand, but somewhat grotesque withal.—*North American Review.*

GENERAL VAN RENSSELAER.

The late General Van Rensselaer, was a man richly deserving of remembrance. His character was of sterling purity. Few persons, in any country or age, have silently and unostentatiously exercised so happy influence on society. Born to the hereditary possession of great wealth, which increased in his hands, not by the arts or through the passion of accumulation, but purely because the simplicity of his taste left a surplus of his income, after all the calls of duty and benevolence were answered, it would have been difficult for the sternest censor to find aught to reproach in the modesty of his life and manners. His purse was the treasury of the poor, who resorted to it for their own wants, and of the philanthropic, who found it an unfailing spring of liberal aid for every work of Christian charity. But his bounty, as far as possible, was dispensed in secret, and with that discrimination, which a sense of justice, no less than the unambitious tone of his own character, required. He granted generous aid to deserving objects, but flung no largesses into the lap of sturdy or popular beggars. The task of giving judiciously, out of large means, is by no means quite so easy to be performed, as may at first be thought, by those who reflect little on the subject, and think, if they had the philosopher's stone, they could make everybody rich and happy. The number of demands, very great, always, on all who are known or supposed to have wealth, is indefinitely and oppressively multiplied, whenever the willingness to give liberally is known to coexist with the means. The great mass of private wants, real and fictitious, the boundless circle of public charities, deserving and undeserving, are diligently urged upon the consideration of the affluent. No fortune is adequate to the tithe of these calls, if it should all be appropriated to satisfy them. The task of apportionment, of selection, and refusal, is difficult and thankless. It was performed by General Van Rensselaer, with guileless simplicity of heart, with a strict regard to principle, and with such gentleness of spirit, where high-raised expectations were to be disappointed, that, as probably no man of property in the country ever gave more away, so no man's charities were ever less invidious and offensive.

General Van Rensselaer's liberality was not confined to acts of charity. He wisely appropriated a portion of his ample means to the promotion of practical education; of which, perhaps, we ought rather to speak as of an act of charity, in the noblest sense of the term. The School of Natural science, which he founded and endowed at Troy, is a monument of far-sighted benevolence. Among its principal objects, one was 'to qualify teachers for instructing the sons and daughters of mechanics in the application of experimental chemistry, philosophy, and natural history, to agriculture, domestic economy, and the arts and manufactures.'—*N. A. Review.*

HENRY MARTYN.

Not long since, Mr. Grimshaw, riding in a stage coach in England, fell in with a British officer, who had spent many years in the East Indies, where, in the course of conversation, the name of Martyn was introduced. The officer said he had heard much of him while in the East, and was particularly interested in his conduct towards the commander of the regiment to which he was to act as chaplain. Mr. Martyn's name had gone before him to Calcutta, and as soon as the commander heard whom he was to have for a chaplain, he declared with an oath, that as for himself, he would never give his attentions to a Methodist. The chaplain, immediately after his arrival, was informed of the prejudices of the officer under whom he was to act, and determined at once to remove, if possible, what would necessarily be a great hindrance in the way of his doing good to the soldiers. Finding that the commander would not call on him, nor show him any respect, he resolved at once to make the first advance. He was received formally and kept at a distance. But without noticing the incivility, he began in the most respectful manner to speak of the fine state of discipline in which he found the troops under the officer's command. The officer replied, that it had been his endeavor to put his soldiers in the best condition. Mr. M remarked it was very gratifying to himself, to see the efficiency of the command, and that he hoped the fine state of the army would tend to preserve the peace of the country, by proving to the natives the superiority of British power. The officer said he took pride in the discipline and appearance of his men, and was happy to find that the result of his efforts struck the eye of a stranger. Mr. M. then remarked that he had called to make his acquaintance, because in the course of his duties as chaplain, it might often be necessary to refer to the commanding officer for advice, and he hoped to have the privilege of consulting him when it should be necessary. After the interview the officer was met by another, to whom he said, 'I have had a visit from our chaplain.' 'Well, did he annoy you with his religion?' 'I was disappointed in the man; he is well educated and polite, and he pleased me much by the notice he took of my troops. I had not intended to notice him, but now I think I shall call on him.' He did so, and having his agreeable impressions strengthened by further conversation which was continued on the subject of the army, and the political state of India, &c., determined to invite him to dinner in company with officers of the army. Mr. M. did not say much at dinner, but treated all with politeness. The commander was very profane, and whenever he swore, Mr. M. looked grieved, but was silent. After dinner, while the commander was standing alone near a window, he went to him and entered into conversation, and, after a time, remarked, with the utmost meekness, that he trusted he might be allowed to say that profane swearing was a bad habit. The officer was a little confused, but at once replied, that the habit was one which military men are apt to fall into, but that it was certainly very improper to indulge it, especially in the presence of a clergyman. Mr. Martin pointed upward, and replied, 'The sin is not against me. The account is to be rendered to one higher.' Certainly, said the officer, the thing is not to be defended. After this, he acknowledged to a friend his interest in Mr. M., 'for,' said he, 'he has altogether disappointed me. I thought him a harsh, rough man, but he is gentle and polite, and very interesting in conversation. He reproved me for swearing, but he did it with so much kindness and meekness, that I could not resent it.' He admitted Mr. M. into his confidence, and enjoyed the benefit of his instructions and example, and after a time gave proof of being a converted man, and made a profession of Christ before the world. When he heard of the death of Mr. Martyn, he wept like a father mourning over his son.—*Epis. Rec.*

THE FADED FLOWER.

'Oh,' said Emma, with tears in her eyes, 'my beautiful flower, which I had nursed with so much care, and which bloomed more beautifully each succeeding day, is now withered and faded.' As she stood pensively contemplating the once beautiful but now useless plant, her father observed her sorrowful attitude, and inquired into the cause of her solicitude. She pointed at the withered stem and was silent. 'Emma,' said her father, 'when you received this flowering shrub, you were told that it was of foreign origin, and that the most sedulous care was required to make it bloom in this uncongenial climate; and while you carefully followed the directions you had received, did it not reward your labor with its healthful freshness and beauty? Had you any reason to complain while you daily watered its roots, shaded it from the rays of the mid-day sun, and shielded it from the cold at night? and why is it that now its beauty has fled?' Emma cast her eyes to the ground, and acknowledged that during the week that her cousins had been visiting her, she had been so absorbed in her amusements that her favorite flower had been neglected, and now it had hopelessly perished.

An affecting truth is couched under the similitude of Emma's flower. Religion is an exotic; it is of heavenly origin, and when transplanted into the human heart, it finds an ungenial atmosphere, and a cold and unsuitable soil. It may flourish, but it is only through constant care, and by guarding it against the unfriendly influences by which it is surrounded. Violence is not so much to be apprehended as inattention and neglect. If the dews of heaven no not daily refresh it; if it be not sheltered against the winds which too roughly blow; if every precaution be not taken to preserve it in its beauty and freshness, it will soon cease to flourish. When this heavenly plant is watered by the tears of a daily penitence; when the genial breath of prayer sweeps daily over it; when all unfavorable circumstances are vigilantly guarded against, then it will grow up in strength, and bear both its flower and fruit.

Many commence a religious course under the most flattering auspices; for a season they run well; their faith is strong, their love enlarged, and their zeal ardent; they seem as if they would never grow weary, but go on from victory to victory. A change, however, becomes observable; the graces of the Spirit are exercised with diminished force; the duties of religion are not performed with the same relish; they are surprised that they cannot feel the same interest they once experienced; religion is divested of most of its charms, and its forms alone are left to be attended to with heartlessness, or entirely laid aside. The flower is withered, not one blossom greets the eye! Why is this? It is not that religion in itself is short-lived; it is a perennial, and is destined to bloom in immortal vigor. It has suffered through inattention. A faithful scrutiny will detect the fatal causes of religious declension. Mingling with gay, worldly company; indulgence in frivilous reading; neglect of secret converse with God on slight pretexts; defective vigilance in guarding against temptation; committing small sins, so esteemed, and exercising ingenuity in excusing them; these, and similar causes must necessarily, in the course of time, subdue the ardor of piety, and transform the Christian, who once enjoyed his religion, into a heartless formalist.—*Phil. Presbyterian.*

JOURNAL OF A RESIDENCE IN NORWAY.

By Samuel Laing, Esq. 8vo. pp. 482. London: 1836.

'The good manners of the people to each other are very striking, and extend lower among the ranks of society in the community than in other countries. There seem none so uncultivated or rude, as not to know and observe among themselves the forms of politeness. The brutality, and rough way of talking to and living with each other, characteristic of our lower classes, are not found here. It is going too far for a stranger to say there is no vulgarity; this being partly relative to conventional usages, of which he can know but little; but there is evidently an uncommon equality of manners among all ranks; and the general standard is not low. People have not two sets of manners, as we see in England, among persons even far above the middle class; one set for home use—rude, selfish and frequently surly; and another set for company—stiff, constrained, too formally polite, and evidently not habitual. The manners here are habitually good, even among the lower ranks. It is possible that the general diffusion of property (the very laborers in husbandry possessing usually life rents of their land) may have carried down with it the feelings, and self-respect, and consideration for others that we expect for ourselves, which prevail among the classes possessing property, although of a larger extent in other countries, and which constitute politeness. It may also be ascribed to the naturally mild and amiable character of this people; and, perhaps, also to their having retained in their secluded glens many usages and forms of politeness which once prevailed generally in the good society of ancient Europe, but have been properly discarded as unnecessary restraints upon the intercourse of the educated and refined classes of modern society; although, when these forms and usages are, by the spirit of imitation, banished from the secondary classes also, among whom there is sometimes a want of the refinement and cultivation that render them unnecessary, the improvement is not always happy.

'Tak for sidste' is another exploded form of politeness, still universal here. It means, 'thanks for the pleasure I had from your company the last time we met.' It is a compliment of recognition, which it would be extremely rude to neglect. The common people give, tak for sidste, to the Swedish peasants of Jemteland, who have come across the Fjelde, and whom they have certainly not seen since the preceding year's snow; and then possibly only in taking a dram together. A laborer never passes another at work, or at his meal, without a complimentary expression, wishing him luck in his labors, or good from his meal. In addition to those, perhaps not altogether useless, forms, there are the ordinary inquiries after friends at home, and compliments and remembrances sent and received, in due abundance.'

The history and present state of Norway give ample proof that other things besides books and schools have much to do with the culture of a people. Beside the educating influences in the frame of government and the usages of social life, the periodical press exercises much sway there as elsewhere. Mr. Laing says,

'The state of the periodical press in a country gives a true measure of the social condition of the people, of their inteligence, their ripeness for constitutional privileges, and even of their domestic comforts. The newspapers, since I came here, have been my principal and most instructive reading. In Norway there are upwards of twenty; but some only give the advertisements and official notices of the province or town in which they appear; even these are not without interest to a stranger. It is curious to see what is to be sold or bought, and all the various transactions announced in an advertising newspaper. Of those which give also the foreign and domestic news, the most extensive circulation appears enjoyed by a daily paper called the Morgen Blad, published in Christiana. The cost of a daily paper sent by post is seven dollars, or about 28*s.* sterling yearly. There is no duty on newspapers; and as there are six or seven published in Christiana alone, this price is probably as low as competition can make it. In paper and type, this journal is superior to any French or German one that I have seen; and its articles of foreign news, and its editorial paragraphs, are often written with great ability. From the importance attached in all these newspapers to little local affairs, it is evident that the mass of the people, not merely an educated few, are the consumers. There being no tax on advertisements, the most trifling matter is announced, and a publisher appears to have a kind of brokerage trade at his counting-house, and to be empowered to sell or buy for parties, or at least to bring buyers and sellers together.

I have seen it advertised, with a reference to the editor's counting-house, that there was a turkey cock to be sold, a cow in calf wanted, and such trifles as show, that the class to whom they are no trifles, read and have the benefit of newspapers.

The most entire freedom of discussion exists. Public men and measures are handled freely, but I cannot say injuriously or indecorously. The Norwegian newspapers, and especially their numerous correspondents, are much occupied with objects of local interest, and keep a watchful eye over the conduct of men in office, from the lensman of a parish to a minister of state. No neglect or abuse passes unseen and unnoticed; and if the accusation even of an anonymous correspondent, appears well founded, the highest functionary feels himself morally obliged to bend to public opinion, and explain the transaction. If he is unjustly or unreasonably blamed, he finds pens drawn in his defence without trouble to himself. The public functionaries have been made to feel that they are the servants, not the masters, of the public.

'The temperate but firm spirit with which these controversies are carried on, the absence of any outrage on the private feelings of public men, even when their public conduct is attacked or exposed, do honor to the good taste and good sense of the nation, and prove that a press as free as that of the United States may exist without scurrility or brutal violation of the sanctity of private life. Such newspapers as the American people read would not find editors or readers in this country. The people are advanced beyond that state, in which nothing is intelligible to them that is not mixed up with party and personal feelings. This sound state of the public mind, and of the press, may be ascribed in a great measure to the influence of the leading newspapers.

'Besides newspapers, there are a considerable number of periodical and occasional works published. There is a Penny Magazine in great circulation; the matter, and even the plates, I believe, taken, or borrowed, from its English namesake; and there is another weekly magazine upon the same cheap plan. There are several monthly journals on literary, antiquarian, agricultural, and military subjects; and in almost every newspaper there is the announcement of some new work or translation. This gives a favorable impression of the advance of the mind in this country. The literature that can be strictly called Norwegian, may not as yet be of a very high class, compared to the standard works of other countries; but there are attempts which at last may reach excellence,—and literature is but young in Norway.'

Of their literature he gives no high promise.

'From the end of the twelfth century, when Snorro Sturleson flourished—and he was a native of Iceland—down to the present day, Norwegian literature is almost a blank. Holberg, a native of Norway, produced about the beginning of last century, a great many clever dramatic pieces. His Erasmus Montanus, Henry and Permille, and many others of his comedies, would probably act well on our stage. His World below Ground has long been a favorite book with English schoolboys. His Peder Paars is a comic poem,—the adventures of a shopkeeper on his voyage to Calenburgh to see his feste moe or betrothed sweetheart; and is as witty as an ingenious parody of Homer or Virgil with all the machinery of gods and goddesses humorously applied, can be. In the lower departments of literature, such as the antiquarian and statistical, there have been writers of merit. It is evident, however, that no great literary effort has ever been made in Norway It is possible that the state of society is not favorable to great mental exertion. There is nothing to be gained by it; and intellectual labor seems to follow the same law as bodily labor—where people are very much at their ease, not urged by want nor by ambition, they will make no violent exertion. They will neither build pyramids nor write Iliads.'

Yet they are by no means destitute of the institutions and influences of education.

'It is my impression, that the Norwegian clergy are a highly educated body of men. As far as my experience goes, the clergy and students of divinity are acquainted with the literature of Europe, have read the standard works in the French and German languages, and are at least as well acquainted with English as our clergy in general are with French.

'The study of the great works on divinity, philosphy, and church history, which have been written in the German language, is a necessary part of the course here for the student of divinity. The classical studies are also carried on to a later period of life than in Scotland, by those intended for the clerical profession, and under teachers of a high scholarship. There are five high schools in the principal towns in Norway, in which the rectors and teachers are men, such as Holmboe, Bugge, Fresner, of known eminence as classical scholars: the student of divinity must be prepared in these schools for his professional studies, and is seventeen or eighteen years of age before he is considered fit to leave them for the university. In proportion, also, to the other professional classes in the community, the clergy of Norway are richly endowed, and the church has always been the highest profession in the country, that to which all talent is naturally directed. Law and medicine do not, as in Scotland, withdraw youth of promising abilities from the clerical profession. It is a necessary consequence, that candidates are educated up to its value, and estimation in society.

[From the Boston Recorder.]

THE CLOUDY SABBATH MORNING.

A. slept that morning so late that he had not any of the enterprise and energy he had had every other morning in the week. Then he was lark-like; now, stupid as an owl. We were about saying he overslept himself. But there was in fact nothing over about it, inasmuch as he came up to the mark precisely, that he had been reaching for a quarter of a century. He felt so languid and dull, in consequence, that a good excuse for not visiting the sanctuary, would be as pleasant as savory viands to a hungry soul. It would be such an effort to go a mile or so to meeting, how could he think of it! He looked out of the window. It would rain; he saw clouds; he was very certain it would rain. He asked his wife if she did not think it would rain. And he looked at the fowls, to see if they were drooping any, in token of rain. Then he tried his ears. Did he not hear a pattering of the drops upon the roof? He *felt*, he said, that it would rain. The wind at last came to his aid. It veered a little more southerly. Now he was certain it would rain. He felt more comfortable. He could not think of visiting the sanctuary in the rain 'that was a coming.' No, that he could not. There was something of a draw-back, however, upon his comfort, in a remark of his good old mother, who sat reading the bible by the fireside, she lifted up her spectacles and said, 'Suppose it should rain, Gabriel, it need not frighten you. You remember the auction. A rainy day that, and three miles off. And the ploughing-match, you were not hurt, my son, by'——here he let the tongs drop accidentally, and the rest of the sentence was lost. But it rained not for the following four and twenty hours. A few drops only—if the clouds could only have spared a few drops, but they would not—a few drops would have been a comfort to him. But then it did look so much like raining; it came so terribly near raining, and he was every moment expecting that it would rain, that he could not go; it would not be wise to venture to public worship.

B. had his thoughts about the house of prayer. But as he had crowded two days' work into one, on Saturday, he felt as if it would really be a good thing, if he might stay at home and rest. And the more he thought of how much work he did on Saturday, how greatly wearied he had been, how frail men are, they cannot endure every thing, how sad a thing it will be, if he should overdo, how very quietly and comfortably, and with what precious naps he might spend the day; when he thought of all these things, there never was any thing clearer, no, never, than that it would be to him a most comfortable thing to stay at home. The goodness of the thing, that is the comfort of it, bodily and temporally speaking; the next business was to muster another good reason. A couple of good reasons for a man in straits, is as good as a couple of ducks for him that lacketh a good dinner.

B. like his neighbor A., had noticed the clouds that morning, and you could not have split the difference in their conclusions. B. *felt* that rain was inevitable. But this business of actual or anticipated showers, had so often been the ground of excusing himself from public worship, that he now magnanimously determined to say nothing about *himself*. But he did think of his horse. And what merciful man is not merciful to his beast? Poor animal; it was going to rain, it certainly looked terribly like rain: and if it should rain, and if the drops refused to change their course, and fell remorselessly, drop after drop, upon that dear servant: and if, in the result, he should become dripping wet, wet to the very skin, then it would be unutterably painful. He

could not endure it. It made his heart ache only to think of it. No, he should not attend meeting that day; considering *himself*, how comfortable it would be; no, he did not think of that; but considering his poor horse, which was all he thought of, he felt obliged to give up going to meeting. He was the picture of resignation under the trial.

C. a merchant, was to start on Monday for the city. Various matters kept him in a whirl, through the week. He got time to breathe, however, as the sun went down Saturday night, and time to think, *seriously*, one would say. Yes, seriously; but then it was about his unposted books! Should he post them on the Sabbath? He thought himself too conscientious a man for that, and took comfort in turning that thought over and over and over. Sabbath morning comes, and there are these clouds that A. saw, and B. saw. Would it rain? Yes, it would certainly rain. But if it should not, it was the next thing to raining, to have such clouds about. Now, a man might have pitched a biscuit from the threshold of C's house, into the porch of the sanctuary. But then for him to go there, where there were such scowling clouds in sight, how could he think of it? And then it occurred to him that he had a cold; and here he tried his throat, and found it rather husky. Yes, he had a cold, and a man to expose himself thus; a man too, that was to go a tedious journey next morning, rain or shine! no, it would never do. It would be madness in him to think of it.

This matter being thus disposed of, there was some time for further reflection. And up come the unposted books. Should they be touched? He had enjoyed some comfort Saturday night, in the idea that he was a very conscientious man. Could he spoil all that? Could he not somehow twist that book-posting affair into an *act of mercy*? It was rather a crooked stick, but he would make a trial of it. He tried this way and that. Sometimes it seemed nearly straight, but it would get twisted again. At last, however, he found a smooth sea. If the books were not posted that day, they would not be till his return. This would bring upon him a heavy load of care on his arrival from the city, which, with the increased labor of attending to his newly replenished store, would be too much for him. He had pity on a beast, why should he not have pity on a man? He would not overload a poor dumb animal. Why should he overload himself, who was so much better than a brute. Therefore it would be an act of mercy, to post those books that day—'so the rough place became a plain.'

D. was a lady frequently at church. She saw the same clouds that did so much mischief above related. Those clouds, thought she; her new dress unhappily was not finished; those clouds looked ominous. Such clouds always brought rain. She was sure of it. She would ask the old Captain, her uncle who, disturbed in his examination of an old log-book, growled out the very definite and comforting reply, 'Such clouds brought rain sometimes, and sometimes they did'nt.' But they would now she knew. And because they would, she would stay at home. If any one should say she would have gone if her new dress had been ready, and the clouds were only a pack-horse, &c., we can only say we cannot dive into people's hearts at that rate; though our observation does teach us, that it is a pretty considerable accommodation to some people, to have a mass of clouds prowling round the sky on a Sabbath morning.

This is as far as our information goes about that cloudy Sabbath morning. Should we learn any thing further, worthy of notice, we will set it in due time before our readers.

For the Register and Observer.

The meeting house of the Unitarian Society in Mansfield, was dedicated on Thursday, the 17th ult.

The Introductory Prayer was offered, and selections from the Scriptures were read, by the Rev. Mr Merrick of Walpole. The sermon was from the Rev. Mr Farr, who has successfully labored there the past year. The Dedicatory Prayer, by the Rev. Mr Bigelow of Taunton. Concluding Prayer, by the Rev. Mr Bridge of Norton.

The services were very appropriate and interesting. They were listened to by a crowded congregation, who by their silence and attention showed that with mind and heart they took part in the performances. The peculiar circumstance under which the audience had assembled, heightened much the interest of the occasion.

This ancient society, which, under faithful pastors, has flourished for a century, at last became affected by the dissentions which have divided so many of our country parishes. Every effort was made for two or three years, to prevent a separation, most honorable proposals were tendered to the disaffected party to induce them so to commute their differences that they might continue as they had been, a united and prosperous society—well able as one church to defray the expenses of public worship. But the baneful spirit of sectarian zeal, which had influenced some of their numbers and which was nourished by foreign favor and promises of aid, forbade their continuing united as they heretofore had done. Seceders went out from the body, and built another church and called to their aid another ministry. Thus was the old society much enfeebled. Disheartening was its condition. Few in number, and limited in means, scarcely knowing who in their little divided community were their friends, the members of the old society that remained, could see nothing in the gloomy prospect before them but the dissolution and extinction of their church. But not so has God permitted. He sent them ministers that spoke words of encouragement to the little band, and they, to fortify themselves from the danger that menaced their ruin, sought for counsel and comfort and support in each other. At last came our brother beloved, the Rev. Mr Farr, whose praise is in all the churches—who by his labors here has been greatly instrumental in preserving, compacting and building up anew this ancient church. One year has just elapsed since he first came among them. Within this time, they have organized a large Auxiliary to the American Unitarian Association, through which twenty-five of our tracts are received monthly. They have also procured a new set of hymn books, that, by the aid of an improved compilation, they may be able to sing the praises of our God in language better according with our peculiar sentiments. Then, acquiring increase of animation and hope by the efforts they had already made and the prudent ministry of their pastor, they adopted measures for providing themselves with a more comfortable place of worship, the need of which they had much felt. Another floor was laid in the old house, and the upper part was neatly finished off in the fashion of modern churches and handsomely furnished by the liberal contributions of the ladies of the society. And, here, on one of the pleasantest days of the season, they had assembled within the venerable walls their fathers had erected, to consecrate anew the church they had, by praiseworthy efforts, improved and adorned, to the worship of their own, and their fathers' God. We trust if they persevere in the same noble spirit with which they have thus far been actuated, they will be blessed with a ministry suited to their wants. For the support of which if there be need, may they receive assistance from abroad. May they ever be the firm friends and defenders of the supremacy of the Scriptures and of the right of private judgment against the imposition of creeds, and subjection to human authority in the infinitely momentous matters of Christian faith! May the seed of true religion, there sown, as in good ground, spring up—and watered by the dews of heaven, be abundantly productive of the fruits of the spirit; love, peace, gentleness, meekness, and every virtue. May their lives be as pure as their religion is holy. May the piety of the supplicants be the principal decorations of their goodly house of worship. May the beauty of holiness appear equally in their lives and in their observance of religious institutions. May they find in their new church the way that leadeth to everlasting life, and may their temple be none other than the house of God,—may it be to all of them the gate of Heaven.

Mr Farr's text was from Ephesians iv. 6. 'One God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in you all.' His subject the simple unity of God, and the subordination of Jesus Christ to the Father. His arguments were all drawn from sacred Scripture and were presented in a very clear, concise and convincing manner. He gave the arguments of Trinitarians a candid consideration, while he showed how much more numerous and decided are the proofs from the Bible itself, of the truth of our peculiar views. The conclusion of his address was a serious and sensible address to his hearers. He commended the members of the society for the noble efforts they had made in providing themselves with the means and conveniences of public worship, and exhorted them not to be negligent in the far more important part of their duty, their personal improvement in virtue and piety. He, in an affecting manner, reminded them how one of their number who had been lately called hence, thought of them in her last moments, by the present of a communion table.

He also exhorted those who differ from us in opinion, to extend that charity to those who honestly differed from them, which they might reasonably expect from us.

We should much regret that we are not able to give a more accurate and full report of this valuable discourse did we not trust that it will soon be published.

In the evening Mr Doggett of Bridgewater, preached to a large audience, a plain and forcible discourse, from the words, 'So we preach so ye believe.' In which he considered the most common misapprehensions of Unitarianism, such as, we are said to believe that Jesus Christ is a mere man—that we have low views of the dignity of the Savior's character—that we trust in our good works for salvation rather than in the mercy of God. These errors he ably refuted, and clearly and satisfactorily stated the truth in regard to our views on these and kindred subjects. We thank Mr D. for so clearly stating what we do believe as he did in that discourse. Could we always listen to such plain, eloquent and scriptural exhibitions of truth, we should all give more heed to the teachings of the gospel. A. M. B.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

CAUSE OF PEACE.

Skepticism about its practicability.

The peace reform is quite as feasible as any other. War, the work of men, is most obviously subject to their will;—it exists solely because they choose it; and whenever you can change that choice into a permanent preference of pacific means for the settlement of national disputes, it must of necessity come to an end. There is no impossibility in the case; and the main difficulty lies in that ignorance or heedlessness which holds the friends of humanity back from effort.

War *must* cease, or God and providence, all past history, and all the peculiar signs of the present day, are false prophets. Its ultimate abolition is just as sure as the throne of Jehovah. It is in practice downright infidelity to doubt it; and the only questions for us are—*How soon? In what way? By what means?* And it is high time that the professed disciples of the Prince of Peace, the whole Christian community, had examined the subject enough to answer these questions. Their ignorance about this matter, as well as their apathy, seems very strange, utterly inexcusable.

The peace reform, aims merely to spread peace throughout the world just as fast as the gospel goes over the earth; and towards this result not a little has already been accomplished—more in proportion to the means used, than in any other enterprise of benevolence or reform; more than in the cause of either temperance or foreign missions. Not that a hundredth part of the effort has been made in this as in either of those causes; but we verily believe that Christendom is at this moment nearer to peace than the whole world is to temperance or to God.

Why no more accomplished?

If you still ask why the friends of peace have accomplished no more, we have answers enough at hand. We might say, what is perfectly true, that more, far more, has been gained than this unreflecting age of sense and steam pauses long enough to observe: but for the satisfaction of curious, skeptical minds, we will allude to a few of the many reasons which might be given for the apparently slow, though sure progress of this cause.

1. *Its original form and direction.* Its early friends cast the enterprise in a mould far too contracted. Their scale of operations was by no means sufficient for the work to be done; and, as little was demanded, little has ever been given of money, or effort, or influence They pitched the tune wrong; and the wonder should be, that it has been sung so well.

2. *The very nature of the enterprise.* It is a work more of faith than of sight; and as we can labor for it only in a time of peace, it is extremely difficult to rouse the mass of minds against an evil unseen or remote. In other reforms, the evils removed, are all around us; and, as every eye sees them, the necessity of special effort for their removal, is very generally, if not universally admitted by the good.

3. *The difficulty of getting the strong facts of the case before the public.* They are not obvious to the common eye; and those who do know them, are generally interested, like the rumseller, in keeping them concealed.

4. *The preference given to other objects.* Enterprises, with claims more obvious, and appeals more exciting, have diverted and well nigh absorbed the public mind.

5. *The peculiar difficulty of this reform;* far greater, in fact, than that of any other reform now in progress. Few believe or even imagine this; and this very skepticism or ignorance just goes to prove its truth.

6. *The glaring inadequacy of efforts in this cause.* The American Peace Society has never received $4000 in any one year; and during its first five years, its receipts averaged less than $400 a year! With such a pittance, any other reform would have perished in its cradle. Even that of temperance would have lived scarce a month. Here is the chief reason of our slow progress; if slow it has been; —a topic that deserves further illustration.

G. C. B.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

THE CHILD'S BOOK OF THOUGHT.

I am glad to perceive that your correspondent of last week is pleased with the design of the little manual entitled the Child's First Book of Thought. The general plan of the work is deserving of all praise. Properly carried out, it will do not a little towards elevating the intellectual standard of Primary Schools. We have long been of opinion that these schools, especially in Boston, stood in need of such changes as the author of the work in question proposes. We rejoice that he has made the attempt. May we not hope that he will spare no pains to render his work worthy of the purpose upon which it is based? Either from haste or unintentional carelessness, the first edition abounds in so many and such gross mistakes, that it should not continue to be offered to the public a day longer. A new edition, most carefully revised and thoroughly amended, should appear before the work is to be commended to the attention of parents and teachers.

Your correspondent has overlooked, for instance, such blunders as these:—

'Four moons would be only equal to one earth'—the fact being that nearly seventy moons would be required to make one earth.

'The things that we find *upon*, and *in*, the earth are divided into *three* classes or Kingdoms. 1. The Animal. 2. The Vegetable. 3. The Mineral. This division omits water and all the Gases. 'Clay, sand, limestone, marble or chalk, are not minerals.' Are they Animals, or Vegetables? Indeed, the whole scientific matter of the work must be remodelled and rewritten. It conforms neither to the theories nor the discoveries, of ancient or of modern days.

Nor is this all.

The grammar, construction, and logic of the whole are equally at fault. What can be made of the following?—

'New York is the largest city in the United States. Boston is about 300 miles from *Philadelphia* and is the next largest city in the United States. Boston is about 400 miles from *Baltimore*, and is the next largest city in the United States. Boston is the fourth largest city in the United States.'

Your correspondent recommended the work just as it is, with these and all its other errors uncorrected, or I should not have troubled you with the matter. X.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

DEDICATION AND INSTALLATION AT MEDFIELD.

It is gratifying to witness the prevailing good spirit, and the commendable Christian zeal in our old New England Parishes. If we are not mistaken these are striking features and among the bright signs of the times. Some have thought, more recently especially, that all the spirit and the life were among the separatists or the newly planted vines: that in many if not most of the old vineyards there was an apathy and coldness, a spiritual paralysis that was abundantly to be deplored. We have been told, till we began to think it was so and could not be otherwise, that with them the principle of renovation had died a natural death.

Let the observer cast about and see if this is altogether so. Let him look around among the old Parishes, and see how they have been putting on the harness afresh—and girding up their loins to be a match in the Christian race with the best about us. As we run over the number, verily the heart is encouraged. We have spoken of many, in this journal, within a short time. We have a good word to add—and it pleases us to do it, touching the late doings at Medfield.

The ancient and first Parish, in that place, has come in for its share of the difficulties and discouragements, which some years past have been meted out among the churches. They had fears among themselves lost, amidst them all, for the great interests of Christian instruction and edification the love of many would wax cold. But out of jarring and depressing elements in the social state, a good providence not rarely educes the happiest results—as in the dark and dripping caves the transparent and shining crystals are found. Through the encouragements of the Rev. Mr Robinson, formerly of Groton, whose services they had happily secured, they were induced to set unitedly and heartily at work to remodel and beautify their old-fashioned church. We regard this as a great and important step. The outward appearance, the very invitation and welcome, which a well ordered and beautiful church throws out to those, who approach it, is a great deal towards the spirit of union, the readiness to do for its welfare and the support and encouragement of the ministry to which our Christian societies must look for their well-being. Venerable associations and recollections hallow the rudest fane to the hearts of the *aged*—those who have gone to their consecrated seats for many a long year; but they who are rising up must be expected to look upon it with different views. It costs an effort, when they gather up to those rude and oftentimes uncomfortable altars, to banish the feeling naturally springing up that they are going a great way from heaven.

We are glad for the cause and we are glad for themselves that they took this first, wisest step. They have carried through their work; and the new temple does honor to them and is an ornament to the town. The site of the church is eminently beautiful. Just aside from the great road, on rising ground, it seems to invite the spirit to leave the world and come up to its peaceful, elevating worship. The traveller could hardly fail to be struck with its pleasant location. In itself likewise it is all that good taste and modern improvements would reasonably desire, with a Grecian front of six Ionic pillars running to the roof and an uncommonly pleasing spire, with a clock, a real blessing to a village for daily duties and salutary admonition, on the exterior: a fine pulpit, orchestra, well carpeted aisles, of which there are three—and we like the old fashions well enough to prefer these still,—with pews made for comfort, and to see the preacher as well as hear him—not the case with the former church,—in the interior, we know not what more could be wished for among the outward means.

Unless we should count also, as certainly we ought, a well instructed and edifying Pastor. We rejoice that our friends have crowned their work, by securing the labors of one from whom they may hope so much. May their union be mutually blessed, and all the Christian hopes of both minister and people be crowned with the best fruits of the spiritual life.

The Dedication and Installation services united took place on Wednesday, the 16th of Oct. The day being one of autumn's fairest, drew together a very numerous auditory. The services were as follows: Anthem by the Choir; Introductory and Dedicatory Prayer by Rev. Mr Stanger of Dover; Selections of Scripture by Rev. Mr White of Dedham; Sermon by Rev. Dr Francis of Watertown, from 1 Peter 2 chap. 4th and 5th verses. Prayer of Installation by Rev. Mr Merrick of Walpole; Charge by Rev. Mr Clarke of Shelburne; Fellowship of the churches by Rev. Mr Wells of Groton; Address to the Church and Society by Rev. Mr Barrett of Boston; Concluding Prayer by Rev. Mr Phillips of the Baptist Church in Medfield.

The services were all highly interesting, and were listened to with that attention which is the best proof of it. We thought the singing much to be commended. The sermon by Dr Francis contained a great deal to admire: perspicuous, practical, well suited, both for doctrine, reproof, correction and instruction in righteousnes, to the feelings, controversies and dangers of the times, and withal a felicitous blending of what was peculiarly appropriate to the united services of the occasion. We happen to be of the number of those, who think a Charge as much out of place at an Installation service, as an Ordination Prayer and the Imposition of Hands; but if there must be one, we have only to ask that it be as apostolical and serious as that we heard at this time. The Fellowship of the Churches was expressed with feeling and brotherly kindness. The Address to the people was plain and pungent. Happy the people to whom such exhortations come often. Happier still they, who live up to them always.

We seldom have an Installation, Dedication or Ordination service without wishing one of two things and sometimes both. First that each speaker should keep strictly to the legitimate and peculiar object of his own performance; and secondly, that no one should have reason to offer as an apology that he had not time to be shorter. But feeling a deep interest in the welfare of this ancient society, with whom aforetime we have 'taken sweet counsel and walked to the house of God in company,' we neither went nor came away as critics. We went to rejoice with them and their Pastor in their happy condition, and came away with many a fervent prayer for their future prosperity, union and peace. G. W.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

Mr Editor,—I wish to inquire through the medium of your paper, why 'market-day' at Brighton is on *Monday*, rather than any other day in the week? If it was casually made so at first, and has continued to be thus observed merely through custom without any very special reasons, I would ask still further, why it may not be altered to Wednesday, or some other day, which will not necessitate Purchasers, and more especially Drovers, to travel on the Sabbath? You, Mr Editor, with the people in the city and south of Boston, suffer but little directly from this (in my opinion) unpardonable profanation of 'blest and hallowed' time, save from the rumbling of wagons &c. of buyers, and the growing indifference for the Sabbath, which it necessarily engenders. But you have only to pass the day in this, or some of the adjacent and more northerly towns, to become disgusted with this shameful disregard of its sanctity, and be made to sigh

For a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,

where the din of wordly enterprise breaks not the solemnity of the season of rest and devotion. Our ears are greeted from morn to eve with the baaing of sheep, the lowing of cattle, and the loud-swelling notes of the drover, reiterated iterumque iterumque. It is rather my design at present to ascertain if there are any reasons sufficient to warrant a continuation of this practice of cattle-driving and business-driving on Sunday, than to enter into any elaborate argument to show its evil tendencies. I might enumerate a catalogue of evils which it entails upon the community, but as they must be obvious to every reflectiug mind, I shall only notice briefly some of the most prominent. First, there are those who are *actively* engaged, and that too, habitually, in the open violation of the sixth commandment, which says 'thou shalt remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.' Among these are the Drovers, Purchasers, and Inn-keepers. These, taken together, being men of some property and reputation generally, form a very respectable part of the community; but their example and influence is any thing but a happy one. The minds of the above named classes of people are bound down to earth, in this season set apart from the bustle of active life for higher, nobler, and more imperative purposes, with more than adamantine chains—and inordinate love of filthy lucre. The sound of the church-going bell has no music for their ears. Their whole souls are wrapt up in worldly pursuits. Gold is their god, and their desiderium of it makes them perfectly reckless as to the means used for its attainments. We have no doubt that there are some honorable exceptions; that there are some who regret that 'market-day' compels them from their family altars and the sanctuary, or to choose the other alternative,—lose the opportunity of purchasing or selling. Neither have we any doubt that others regard it as peculiarly favorable to their pecuniary interests, (the only thing they do regard) to be thus able under the cloak of expediency, to convert the Sabbath to some account; that is, to dollars and cents.

But there are other and not less important considerations. Not merely those who are actively engaged are affected, but there must be passive, involuntary sufferers. Sin exerts an influence beyond itself. Private meditation, Sabbath school and religious exercises, must all be interrupted by the clamor of the streets. The day loses its solemnity, the people their devotional feeling, and consequently society its cohesive and vital principle. Any satisfactory reply to the above, will be gratefully received by the writer, and will also tend to exculpate the delinquents in the eyes of the community.

West Cambridge, Oct. 1839.

[From the New York Observer.]

Rev. George B. Cheever was installed in the Allen street Presbyterian church on the evening of the 10th inst. Rev. Joel Parker preached the sermon, Rev. William Adams gave the charge to the pastor, and Rev. Dr. White the charge to the people. The exercises were all of a highly intellectual and spiritual character. There was one point of the charge to the pastor with which I was particularly pleased, and I wish it might be read, appreciated, and practised upon by every minister of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ throughout the land. I am not a minister, but I am confident, that if it produces the same effect upon the perusal, that it did upon me upon the delivery, it cannot fail to do good. It was in substance as follows:

'Permit me to say a word concerning your intercourse with your brethren in the ministry. The times on which we have fallen are unhappily distinguished by alienations and divisions among brethren of the same household. I cannot but regard it as a felicitous circumstance, in your case, that for no inconsiderable time past, you have been far removed from the controversies which have agitated your native land. The city of Jerusalem, and the sacred mount of Calvary, whence you have come, must be very favorable positions from which to survey these disputes, and feel how petty, shameful and insignificant they all are. Retain these impressions to the very last. Act with Christian magnanimity. Be jealous of your own piety, whenever you find yourself unable to love any, or all of those, who love the Lord Jesus Christ of whatever name. Practise the utmost forbearance, toleration, charity towards all the ministers of Christ. Love your brethren. Confide in them. Give them your heart and hand. Be kind and courteous; avoid suspicion; harbor no distrust. For this end, cultivate their acquaintance and friendship; for it is my serious conviction, that most of the divisions over which we mourn, are the result of ancient prejudices, and unfounded suspicions, which might have been entirely prevented or destroyed, by fraternal intercourse and mutual acquaintance among brethren who believe the same things, and preach the same things, but never have had the opportunity to discover it, and do not now know it nor believe it.'

For the Register and Observer.

EXTRACTS FROM THE TWENTY-SECOND ANNUAL REPORT OF THE FATHERLESS AND WIDOWS SOCIETY.

This Society more than almost any other claims our attention, not only because so many are needing our help, but because it seems peculiarly the work of God; who has told us that to visit the Fatherless and widows is pure and undefiled religion. Of other objects of benevolence we may doubt the utility, and be unable to discern our duty; but in this we cannot mistake, and the heart that does not sympathise with the fatherless and widow, is not to be envied. We hope that those who have not done any thing for this portion of sufferers, will consider it in this light, and *give us now* the means of doing more than we have ever done.

Your Society has assisted the past year 479 widows, and 266 fatherless children. A less number than the year previous, on account of want of funds.

Says a Trustee of remarkable discernment and great experience in visiting these afflicted ones, after giving the number, age, &c. of the widows she has assisted:—'Nearly or quite all have had sickness in their families, or in their own persons, or both during the season. In most cases their rooms are either smoky, leaky, or cold, or damp, and not unfrequently, they combine all these qualities.

'They are all industrious worthy women, willing to work beyond their strength. Nearly all depend on washing and ironing; but none of them can procure enough of this work to support their families in the winter, though they find no difficulty in summer, and never make application for aid during that season—nor, is it believed, at any other, when they can possibly avoid it. In general they ask aid with reluctance and receive it with gratitude.'

'Some of them who have feeble health, can do nothing but Slop-work; they cannot always procure enough of this to employ them constantly, and when they can it is well known, the remuneration is altogether disproportioned to the work. We feel constrained every year, to lift up our voice against this wretched system of extortion which bears down with crushing weight on the most helpless and afflicted of our poor,—*the widows.* In this city there is but one class of individuals who cannot, extraordinaries excepted, obtain a comfortable living; and that is feeble widows with young children; and we must add those more than widows who have intemperate husbands. For this class, Slop-work is almost the only resource; and were they justly remunerated, probably three quarters of our list would be struck off at once.'

To show that your bounties are most gratefully received, said an aged widow, 'it is my dying request, that my sincere thanks and acknowledgements of gratitude, should be presented to the ladies of the Fatherless and Widows, Society for their long continued kindness to me in my old age and helplessness. I leave for them my blessing. I have long prayed for them, that their happiness and prosperity may be continued, but above all, that their souls may be at peace with God; and still will I pray while breath lasts that they may be strengthened and assisted from above in their efforts to mitigate the sufferings of destitute widows and orphans.'

To those friends who have aided this work of benevolence by their donations we would render sincere thanks, and we cannot but remember with gratitude the late Hon. Theodore Lyman who has given to this Society 4,400 dollars within the last four years, and so liberally assisted this class of the afflicted poor; not only through this society, but by private individual effort. We cannot but deeply *mourn* their and our loss. Of him we could say in the beautiful words of Job, 'When the ear heard him then it blessed him, and when the eye saw him it gave witness to him, because he delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless and him that had no helper. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon him, and he caused the widow's heart to sing for joy.' We feel the voice of eulogy will hardly meet the case; it is in the quiet retirement of honest poverty, that his praises will be most feelingly remembered and *there the deepest sorrow will be felt that he is no more!*

But he *has gone!* and we cannot expect from him the assistance we have *had*. On whom shall the mantle of Lyman rest? Who will give of their abundance cheerfully as he did? May our next year's Report answer this question, that not only one, but many have shared this blessed work of doing good and causing the widow's heart to sing for joy.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, NOVEMBER 2, 1839.

MR NORTON'S DISCOURSE.

We are not aware that a single theologian among us doubts that our Savior wrought miracles. This fact being concealed, the inference is irresistible that they were wrought to effect some vastly important purpose. God does not trifle with the laws he has impressed upon his works, or for slight causes change the mode of his operation upon them. Every thing in nature and providence demonstrates his unaltera ble regard for their uniformity. Thousands of innocent lives cannot check, for a moment, their onward progress. They march in majestic triumph over the graves of cities and the wrecks of empire. It is probable the pending ruin of a third part of heaven's stores, could not suspend their relentless activity. We must then conclude that Christ's miracles were designed to effect some great, some sublime purpose. We wonder that persons dare speak lightly of their importance, to intimate that the serene, unchangeable Ruler of the universe, could affect his relations to man from slight considerations. We have then only to inquire what, in the case of Christianity, was this purpose? We can discover none, that appears in the least adequate, except to substantiate its claim to a divine origin. This has ever been the impression of Christians in all ages. Jesus wrought miracles *to prove* that he came from God. And on that proof depends the highest interest and the spiritual destiny of our race. Here is a cause sufficient to satisfy our minds in regard to the phenomena. But remove this cause, they become objects of painful contemplation—ominous conjecture is thrown over every aspect of our religion. Why was this startling array and manifestation? Why is the omnipotence of heaven so frequently invoked, so lavishly employed? Why the dread wheels of nature so frequently stayed in their imperial course and an element of discord introduced into the harmony of creation? The reflective mind will ask these questions, and will not rest, till it finds what it deems a sufficient cause, or rejects them as pretension and imposture. We must in this instance justify the ways of God to the reason, feelings, and the deep, latent convictions of men. Except a sufficient reason can be assigned we may be assured, that a religion connected with miraculous displays, will not be received at this period of the world's history. We therefore think that those who speak slightly of the importance of miracles, are unconsciously striking at the foundation of Christianity. The inquiry at once arises, why are they there? And if no good answer can be returned, the whole subject becomes puerile, unimpressive. A sense of disparity and discordance with our best conceptions steals through the soul. Christ's hold upon the mind is gradually loosened and soon it floats free upon the unrestrained tide of natural impulses.

These most remarkable events in the records of time, should certainly be approached with devout and profound reverence. Let no one presume to discuss them in vanity of mind—from a love of eccentric speculation or a thirst for exciting originality. Let him go to the regions of fiction and romance and drink from their bubbling fountains and shower his followers with the sparkling spray. But let him not presume to employ his superficial, fanciful talents in matters so serious, or lay his ruthless hands on facts connected with the dearest hopes and sublimest destinies of his race. It is like making a child's play things from the bones of martyrs, or pretty ornaments from the cross of Christ. The force of these facts is more and more needed and is more and more developed. It is needed to awaken the slumbers of a mechanical age, to stay the waves of materialism and to keep alive the voice of God in the world. The constant tendency of the mind is to atheism—to live without God. One well defined and established miracle can more effectually arrest this tendency, than all the reasonings of the keenest and loftiest intellects. Let it be proved that the mechanism of the universe has been broken through, that its agencies have been wielded by one without and above its sphere, and the reign of God can no longer be questioned. He is brought near unto men. The cold processes of nature are informed by his presence and controlled by his will. His footsteps are heard in the groves. His benediction is on the breeze. We walk with him. He is on every side. He leads us through green pastures. We catch the whis-

pers of his love at still noon—in the calm evening. The midnight stars hymn his praise and the morning rejoices before him. The wilderness sings—the desert blooms. There is henceforth a new heavens and a new earth wherein dwells and flows spiritual life and energy.

Man wants miracles. His heart and his spirit cry out for unequivocal expressions of God. This everlasting uniformity, these unvarying processions depress him. There is an element in his nature that craves the supernatural. Hence has arisen a multitude of fictitious miracles. The soul will have bread of some kind. If it cannot get the true—it accepts the false. But a few well established are sufficient to satisfy this want. And we believe that provision has been made for this hunger of our nature. It was remarked that the force of miracles is more needed and is more developed. It is rendered more necessary by the progress of civilization. As man's physical resources are multiplied, the moral influences acting upon him should also be increased. This force, for many centuries, was impaired by the imperfect and confused conceptions of the powers of nature that prevailed. There were gods many and lords many, and the administration of the world was divided and distributed. But science has chased away every delusion of the kind. Witchcraft is hunted from every nook and resort. Demons are expelled and driven from every recess and fold of nature. The universe is disenchanted. To the devout mind it is God's temple. He is in all—and works through all—glows in the stars—blossoms in the trees—lives through all life. Every stream of power is traced to his bosom. All energies and agencies of nature are in his hands. A miracle therefore now stands forth clothed in unquestioned divinity. It is probable that instead of becoming less important, they are destined to act a still more decided part in the moral history of the world.

Our Savior wrought miracles not to prove the truth of his religion, but to impart to it a peculiar authority. This object gives them a spiritual dignity and grandeur that adds not a little to their credibility. It brings them intoharmony with our highest sentiments and conceptions in relation to God and his providence. The distinction we intimated we think deserving some consideration. Miracles are spoken of as having been performed to prove the truth of Christianity. This we do not conceive to have been the case. They were performed to impart to those truths a peculiar authority. We shall continue our remarks at another time.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE GOLDEN BRANCH SOCIETY of Phillips' Exeter Academy, August 22, 1839. By John Hopkins Morison.

This address is not of an ordinary cast. It is the production of a mind, strong and original. It abounds in striking thought, strikingly expressed. It is more remarkable, however, for vivid conceptions than connected thinking.

The writer does not state and develope his ideas, but withdraws the veil and lets their light for a moment, flash upon us. He gives us beautiful, massive fragments belonging to the purest, most impressive style of architecture—but not a finished specimen of the art. It therefore requires close attention to grasp his rich meaning—more in fact than most readers, we fear, are disposed to bestow on the finest compositions. It is, however, the fault of a mind more than commonly gifted. It requires much time, long continued striving to arrive at mature strength, harmonious developement and beautiful proportions. Only parts of the field are as yet taken up and made fruitful—the whole, when thoroughly cultivated, will produce an abundant harvest. A superficial mind soon manifests the extent of its energies and exhausts its resources. We look upon addresses like this not as measures of the author's power, but merely as indications of far greater things to come. And we do look to him with not a little hope of much that will be valuable and lasting.

We give a few short passages.

If you resolutely determine that you will be something and this resolution sinks into your hearts, follows you through the day, and sometimes even disturbs your slumbers in the night, you will be something. Are you prepared to make the resolution? Are you resolved that you will not live simply to eat, drink, die, and be forgotten? Does the resolution enter into your souls? Are you ready to make the sacrifices it may require; to bear up under discouragements, to go through with long, hard, unnoticed labor; to meet with modest firmness the laughter and reproaches of your associates, while the spirit, resting upon itself and its own resources, through books, society and nature, toils on towards the attainment of its own high end? Are you prepared for this? Have you the courage to engage and the energy to persist in the work? Then it requires no prophet to predict your fate. The lines of a noble destiny are written already upon your hearts, and soon they will be inscribed upon your lives.

Such is the lesson taught by the experience of the past. True greatness has never forced itself on men without their consent. Through difficulties and discouragements from without and from within, they have forced their way on by an indomitable resolution. The power of the human mind, filled and urged forward by its sympathy with some great aim, is stronger than that which moves the stars. It cannot be measured. It breaks through outward obstructions; it changes the character of the mind itself.

Let this, then, be impressed upon you, that whatever in the way of knowledge and virtue you really desire to be, that you can be. Only select, as your object, something worthy of yourselves; dwell upon it till, before its richness and beauty, everything else seems cheap, and you will have the same strength that martyrs and heroes have known. You will rise to a knowledge and happiness, of which now you can form no conception.

But if, on the contrary, you have no fixed and elevated purpose, defeat and disgrace are certain. The history of many a young man, who has gone from this school, if minutely given, would bear a painful testimony to this truth. One, with endowments far beyond what most of his companions possess, promising to be an honor to any place or profession, goes out and is soon lost among the undistinguished mass. And why? Because, with quick sensibilities and active mental powers, he has no moral energy. Great efforts he may sometimes make, but without an object. He is like the ocean waves; the wind stirs them; they follow on after the moon; the pale, wandering planet, that we hardly see, affects their motion; every sunbeam, every cloud, every shadow in the sky, works a corresponding change in them. They sympathize with everything from without, but, having no essential unity of purpose, they roll and swell, dash and roar from age to age, and still accomplish nothing. Such are the gifted men we sometimes meet, who, after a series of impulsive, strong, but inconstant efforts sink as the wave dies upon the shore, leaving behind, and carrying with them, no useful result.

But darker pictures than this might be drawn, of young men with manly, generous endowments, but who, having no steadiness of purpose, fall before life is fairly begun. This has been the history of I know not but hundreds whom I have seen. Not always does the tragedy close at once, but always it is a tragedy, ending in degradation, darkness and sorrow. Pleasure calls us off from the path of duty; we have not strength to resist; as yet we see nothing but her promises; we follow the call over the hill-side, where all seems beautiful and free, through many a grove which has been set apart for her worship. But the grove deepens into a wilderness, day sinks into night, clouds gather, thunders roll, our strength is exhausted, our spirits, our hope, our self-respect are gone.

The great safeguard for a young man at the outset is a fixed determination to be something. Make the determination at once. Let this be your first solemn resolve, 'I have been created for some great end. There is a life deeper than the life of the senses, wider and more lasting than the universe, and by the grace of heaven, that life I am resolved to live.' This is the resolution with which the young man is to start,—the oath of eternal enmity against passion, idleness and low desires, which every child may take, and renew each day till he lies an aged man upon his bier.

We suspected that a piece of poetry, some weeks since by our valued correspondent A. S. might need a little explantion to some readers. We wished to insert something at the time. But space was wanting. The case was the same ever since. The following account of the circumstances refered to are taken from a very interesting little work—'Historical Sketches of the Old Painters. Lionardo had been invited by the duke of Milan to reside in his dominions. For a time he is treated with much kindness and loaded with honors. But envy makes him an unrelenting enemy.

There was one, also, who was constantly with the Duke, that regarded the Florentine with an evil eye: this was the Prior of the Dominican convent. Though his words dropped honey, the honey was mingled with gall. His dark malicious eyes looked slily out from over-hanging eye-brows; his forehead was knit into a thousand wrinkles, and his scornful mouth covered with a bristly red beard; his nose hooked over this frightful mouth, like the beak of some obscene bird; in short, his whole appearance inspired distrust and detestation.

Nothing could exceed the displeasure with which this monk regarded Lionardo; whose abhorrence for so fiend-like a countenance, and contempt for the character of which it was the mirror, were probably hardly concealed. Every honor which the Duke conferred upon the artist, he considered an insult to himself, and he determined to hesitate at no means which might accomplish his ruin.

Lionardo soon found himself at the court of the Duke of Milan, in a situation wholly uncongenial to his tastes, and a gloom took possession of his mind, which he in vain endeavored to banish. He sometimes succeeded in the open air, when he was engaged in his mechanical or architectural works; for then the bright and glowing colors of nature spread their own hues over his feelings. The fresh air invigorated his mind; the showers of the morning, the dews of the evening, the exhalations of the night, the starry vault of the heavens, all gave impulse to his spirit, and carried him over hills and through valleys. But, when he sat silent before his easel, then did his brow become clouded, and his hand unsteady. Many of Lionardo's pictures of this period are lost. He often destroyed them himself, in a fit of disgust, when they only wanted a few masterly strokes to complete them.

The Duke possessed an ardent love of the fine arts: his great misfortune was that of having fallen so entirely under the influence of the artful Dominican, who swayed him to his own purposes, which were all low and selfish. Often did he stand enraptured over the works of the artist. 'This,' he would exclaim, 'will be the gem of my collection. Gifted Florentine! proceed with thy work, and ask what thou wilt. All price is below it.'

The Dominican was enraged by all the new honors heaped upon Lionardo, and he determined to destroy him. He had minutely observed him; studied his character, and the peculiar, delicate constitution of his mind. Hatred is patient and indefatigable. He knew that Lionardo's pencil became powerless, unless his taste, mind, and heart went along with it; and on this knowledge he formed his plan.

'My Lord,' said he to the Duke, 'I feel most bitterly for your many disappointments. No sooner have you set your heart upon a picture, than the capricious and daring Florentine draws his brush over it. Let me advise you to sit for your own portrait—this at least he will not presume to dishonor—and you may have one perfect gem from his hand for your collection.'

The Duke seized instantly upon the idea.

'You shall paint my portrait!' said he to Lionardo; 'than one of your pictures, at least will be saved from destruction. Your respect for me, as well as your affection, will not permit you to draw the brush over the lineaments of your friend and patron.'

The artist trembled at the order. How, indeed, could Lionardo, who delighted to paint nature in its fairest forms, endure such a subject, such a combination of physical ugliness, utterly unredeemed by moral beauty? The red shock hair, the gray twinkling eyes, the pale, ashy cheek, and ill shapen head—it was impossible, and yet the Duke commanded it! Refuse he could not. Yet, if he obeyed, could he prostitute his glorious art to flatter the tyrant, and disguise his hideousness by a deceitful falsehood? While, if he painted him true to nature, what a specimen of his art would go down to posterity, to be pointed at through after ages, as a proof that Lionardo da Vinci sold his pencil for gold!

It was in vain that he called upon the spirit of his master Andrea. 'Well then,' exclaimed Lionardo, 'I must drink the bitter cup, and paint him as he is. It is true he will read in his portrait his own hateful character; but I will not degrade my pencil by flattery—I will not deserve the scorn of after ages.'

With a trembling hand he took the pencil, while the Duke sat before him with proud importance, and arrayed in princely ermine. Behind him the Dominican had placed himself, and looked at the artist with exulting malice, reading in his troubled eye and trembling hand, the full influence of the malignant spell which his wiles had cast upon him. In vain Lionardo essayed to draw an outline; he saw nothing but the horrible face of the monk. At length, he exclaimed, throwing down his pencil, 'I can do nothing unless your highness remain with me alone. The Duke ordered the Dominican to depart, and a new motive to revenge arose in the monk's heart.

Lionardo proceeded with his work, day after day, but the nearer the painting approached its completion, the more dissatisfied became the artist. At length, however, the last stroke was given, and it stood against the wall completed in all its revolting ugliness.

'How,' cried Lionardo, losing all self-command, 'shall a picture like this go down to posterity? Shall I tarnish my fame and soil the art by such a specimen? rather perish my art—rather perish myself!' exclaimed he, striking his foot with violence against the pannel. It flew into fragments.

'So, so, master,' said the Dominican, entering the room, by the command of the Duke, to see the picture conveyed to him. He had come with the intention of working him up to this catastrophe, but it was unnecessary—the ungovernable passions of the artist had anticipated him. 'So, master Lionardo, I perceive thou art possessed of an evil spirit. I will not interrupt thee;'—and he hastily retired.

Lionardo awoke from the delirium of passion to a consciousness of the deed. A feeling of self-reproach came over him which was even more poignant than his fears of the vengeance of the Prince. It was his protector, his benefactor, that he had thus insulted. 'What have I done!' he exclaimed, as he gazed upon the fragments, and gathered them from the floor. 'Those eyes have looked upon me with kindness—those colorless lips have spoken words of friendship. O, my Prince, whatever thou wert to others, to me thou wert a friend and benefactor!' and his tears fell fast upon the fragments of the picture.

The door opened, and a messenger came to say that the Duke required his presence.

Lionardo trembled.—'I may not call on thee, Andrea,' said he, 'I have sinned against thy precepts.'

With faltering steps he approached the Duke, whose countenance was dark and lowering. Beside him stood the hated monk, with folded hands and affected humility.

'What have you done with my portrait?' exclaimed the Duke, with suppressed passion.

'Destroyed it!' replied Lionardo, with a trembling voice.

'And *why*?' said the Duke, still commanding himself.

'It was the feeling of his own worthlessness, sire,' exclaimed the monk, 'the consciousness that he could not do you justice.'

'It is false!' said Lionardo.

'False!' exclaimed the Duke, approaching him his face pale with rage, 'speak, what was thy motive?'

'Madness,' answered Lionardo, firmly, 'madness, and want of self-command.'

The Duke stood silent for a moment.—

'Whatever was the cause,' said he, 'perhaps you have done well, and I forgive you if you accept my conditions.'

'Name them, my Prince,' said Lionardo, 'command me through fire and water, and you shall be obeyed. Make me undergo any torments, I will not complain. I will devote my best art, day and night, to redeem my crime, and to render myself worthy of your goodness.'

'Be it so, then,' said the Duke, 'You shall no longer have your attention distracted by the things of this world;—your art shall be consecrated to holy purposes. The refectory of the Dominican cloister needs decoration, and your talent shall be devoted to this work. I will give you one year to accomplish it.'

The Prior was astonished at the calmness of the Duke; he had expected to see the storm burst and overwhelm the artist: he had not sufficiently estimated the consequence, or even sanctity, which genius bestows on its possessor. The Florentine was already the ornament of the age, and commanded the respect of nations. The monk cast a malicious glance at him. Lionardo felt its force; it was hard for him to be shut up with such a man a whole year, and to be subject to the petty vexations he might inflict, and to which he knew his malice was fully equal. But he determined to bear with fortitude the evils he had drawn upon himself, and to labor to redeem the confidence of his patron. But what subject should he select?—this was a new perplexity; and months passed in a disordered and unhinged state of mind, which rendered it impossible for him either to conceive or execute any work of art.

One day, when the Passion Week had just begun, Lionardo was walking in the beautiful gardens near Milan. His mind was pondering on the subject of his painting. The spring had already awaked the young blossoms from their winter's sleep, and the trees and hedges were crowned with the fresh foliage of the season. 'I will paint the scene sacred to our Lord!' he exclaimed,—'his last supper with his disciples—would that my pencil were equal to the subject!'

The sun was just setting as he returned home, his mind filled with the vastness of the project. Unconsciously he arrived at the cloister of the Dominicans; the pealing tones of the organ struck upon his ear, while the lofty roof of the church resounded with the chant of the monks. The solemn sound had stilled the tumult of his breast, and his heart was filled with gentle and deeply religious emotions.

'O thou,' he cried, 'who died for the sins of the human nature, which is so sinful and passionate in me,—how shall my feeble hand portray thy glory! How shall I paint that last sorrowful night when the Apostles gathered around thee!'

As he dwelt on the subject, it gradually expanded to his mind; he beheld the long table and the Savior in the midst of his disciples—the last rays of evening shining on his head—a mild radiance beaming from his eyes, when he exclaimed, 'Verily I say unto you, one of you shall betray me!'

And with what beauty did the group spring to light under the pencil inspired by such emotion! How fresh and yet how soft the coloring! But it was indeed an arduous task. Spring had come round, and two of the heads yet remained unfinished—the Savior's and that of Judas,—the one because his soul trembled to approach it,—the other because the beautiful purity of his own spirit shrank in horror from the task of portraying fitly such a visage.

In vain Lionardo sat before his easel, with his pencil in his hand, and prayed for divine inspiration to paint the Savior of the world. His touch was cold and formal; where was the heavenly benevolence that irradiated his face—the pitying forgiveness towards the Apostle who he knew would deny him—the glance of divine sorrow unmixed with anger, which he cast upon his betrayer? And the contrast of the traitor, how was he ever to portray it worthily?

The last week arrived, and the heads were yet unfinished.

'Dost thou know the conditions?' exclaimed the exulting monk—'success or death; so said the Duke, and his word is never recalled.'

'I know them well,' replied Lionardo, in a despairing tone.

'Then hasten on thy work,' said the Dominican. 'Is life so worthless that thou canst not afford a daub of thy brush to save it? As well might the mighty discovery of painting have slumbered, if it will not do thee this slight service. Come, lend me thy brush—to-morrow is the day—I will furnish thee with a head, and perhaps it may save thine own,' fastening upon him a searching glance, with a flashing expression of conscious power and triumph.

'Ha,' exclaimed Lionardo, 'I thank thee, good sir Prior, for this last offer—thou hast indeed inspired me.'

He hastened to the refectory, closed and secured the door, and through the rest of that day, and the whole solitude of that last night, sat almost without intermission at the glorious work which has immortalized him. The head of Judas was completed before the shades of night came on; but that of the Savior still remained. There was the beautiful oval—the locks parted on the forehead—but all else of the face was a blank. He felt the task beyond his power; yet his generous spirit would not profane his own ideal, nor degrade his art, by an unworthy performance.

The last rays of the sun were setting; he turned towards the west. 'Andrea,' he cried, 'now in this hour of my last extremity of despair—let my voice reach thee among the shades of the palm-trees of paradise!'

As by a sudden inspiration, confidence took possession of his mind—celestial images floated before his imagination—the pealing roof seemed to ring with hosannas—and in the vacant space the imagination of the painter beheld the countenance, the divine countenance, which he had been in vain attempting to portray.

Once more he seizes his brush—he has only to follow the traits impressed forever by that single vision-gleam on his memory. Now, indeed, the work was soon completed.

The next morning Lionardo did not make his appearance, nor was any reply returned to the applications of the Prior at the door; it was the day on which the picture was to be exhibited, and his remorseless enemy exulted in the belief, that, in his despair, he had sought the fate of the Judas he had found himself incompetent to depict.

At length the hour arrived, and the Duke Storza, accompanied by the principal nobility of Milan, proceeded in state to the Dominican monastery, and gave orders that the refectory should be thrown open. The picture, which was upon the wall at one end, was concealed by a curtain; and the artist stood with his eyes cast down, and an expression of deep dejection. There was a confused murmur of voices. Curiosity and eager expectation were expressed in every countenance but that of the Prior's; on his sat triumphant revenge; the picture, he was confident, was unfinished in the most important figures, as he had himself seen it so on the preceding day.

'Let the curtain be withdrawn,' said the Duke.

Lionardo moved not—the deep emotion of the artist rendered him powerless.

The Dominican, unable to comprehend such feelings, was confirmed in the belief that the withdrawing of the curtain would be the death-warrant of Lionardo;—he hastily seized the string, and by a sudden pull the curtain opened, and the Last Supper of Lionardo da Vinci stood revealed to the world.

Not a sound for a few moments broke the stillness that prevailed: at length murmurs of applause were heard, increasing, as the influence of the glorious work fell fuller upon the enthusiastic minds of the Italians, to raptures. The Duke arose and stood before Lionardo. 'Well, noble Florentine, hast thou atoned for thy fault; I am proud to forgive thee all. On—on, to glory, to immortality—high rewards shall be thine. But why, holy father,' said he to the Prior, who still stood motionless and pale, before the picture—'why stand you speechless there—see you not how nobly he has redeemed his pledge?'

All eyes were turned upon the Dominican—then to the figure of Judas. Suddenly they exclaimed, with one voice, 'It is he! it is he!'

The brothers and monks of the cloister, who detested the Prior, repeated—'Yes it is he—the Judas Iscariot who betrayed his master!'

After the first surprise was over, suppressed laughter was heard. Pale with rage, the Dominican retreated behind the crowd, and made his escape to his cell, with the emotions of a demon quelled before the radiant power of an angel's divinity, and the reflection that henceforth he must go down to posterity as a second Judas! The resemblance was perfect.

And where now was Lionardo da Vinci—he who stood conspicuous among the nobles of the land—he whose might of genius had cast high birth and worldly honors into obscurity? Now surely, was the hour of his triumph!

Alas, no! he stood humbled and depressed; bitter tears bedewed his cheeks; and when the cry was repeated again and again, 'It was the Prior!' he hastily quitted the presence of the Duke, and in the solitude of his own apartment, on his knees, in an agony of repentance, 'O Andrea, my master!' he exclaimed, 'how have I sinned against thy memory, our art, and my own soul? I have sinned, I have sinned! It was a sacrilege—in the same hour in which thou didst answer my prayer with the blessed inspiration of the vision of the Redeemer! I am unworthy of thy love, of thy divine art, and of my own respect. Revenge can have no part in a sacred thing; and thy last precept—how much better didst thou know me than I knew myself! Strength-en and guide, henceforth, my weak and sinful nature.'

The Treasurer of the American Unitarian Association, acknowledges to have received the following sums.

From Auxiliary Society in Charlestown by H. K. Frothingham,	$75.
From Auxiliary Society in Cohasset by Rev. H. G. O. Phipps,	42.
From Catharine R. Nichols towards constituting her a Life member of the A. U. A.	4.
From ladies of Rev. Jonathan Cole's society Hallowell, to constitute him a Life member of the A. U. A.	30.
From Auxiliary Society in Hallowell by Rev. Jonathan Cole,	51.
From Auxiliary Society in Deerfield,	16.
From Auxiliary Society in Brattleboro' by George Childs,	12.
From Auxiliary Society of 3d. Congregational Society in Hingham,	30.
From ladies of Rev. Mr Frothingham's Society in Belfast Me. to constitute him a Life member of the A. U. A. by Rev. Charles Briggs,	30.
From Auxiliary Society in Keene N. H. by Mr. A. Wright,	38.
From Roxbury Auxiliary Association in Rev. Mr Putnam's society,	50.
From Cambridge Auxiliary Association,	30.
From Fall River Auxiliary Association by Mr Otis Lincoln,	50.
From Bangor Me. Auxiliary Association by F. M. Sabine.	100.
From Nantucket Auxiliary Association, by Henry F. Edes,	10.
From Lowell Auxiliary Association by Henry A. Miles,	100.
From Ladies Association for Christian Benevolence in Leominster, to constitute Rev Mr Stobbins a Life member of the A. U. A.	30.
From Eastport Auxiliary Association, by Rev. Charles Briggs,	12.
From Belfast Auxiliary Association by do.	1.
From Brooklyn N. Y. Auxiliary Association by do.	20.
From South Scituate Auxiliary Association, for subscription for the year 1838 by Rev. Samuel J. May,	30.
From Littleton Auxiliary Association by Rev. Charles Briggs,	40.

INTELLIGENCE.

Statistics in relation to the Norwich and Worcester Railroad.—Length of road 58 1-2 miles. Average inclination per mile 11 feet. Maximum inclination per mile 20 feet.

Distance from Boston, via Wercester, to Norwich, 103 miles; distance from Norwich to New York, 125 miles; time by railroad, steamboat train, from Boston to Norwich, 5 hours; by steamboat from Norwich to New York, 10 hours.

Cotton Mills between Norwich and Worcester, within 5 miles of the route, 75; Woollen Mills, 27.

Cotton Mills in New London and Windham counties, containing 106,229 spindles; in Worcester county, 74 Cotton Mills, containing 124,720 spindles—being in these counties 230,949 cotton spindles.

Value of cotton goods manufactured in Worcester county, $1,991,024.

Sixty six Woollen Mills, manufacturing 3,748,852 pounds wool into cloth, of the value of $3,695,321.

452,310 pairs of boots, 2,357,431 pairs of shoes, of the value of $2,791,298.

147,249 hides, of the value of $387,038.

129,710 axes, $119,825.

Chairs and cabinet furniture, $321,100.

Straw bonnets, $118,791.

Palm leaf hats, $411,554.

Total value of articles manufactured in Worcester county, more than $12,000,000.

The manufactories in that county of cotton, wool, glass, paper, iron castings, scythes, axes, cutlery, chairs, and cabinet furniture, combs, ploughs, tin ware and tanneries, number 456.

Amount of sperm oil consumed in Woollen Mills, 61,329 gallons.

The manufacturing and mechanical business of New London and Windham counties is of a similar kind, and not inferior in quantity, but the statistics, with a few exceptions, have not been officially obtained. The value of the goods manufactured in Norwich during the last year, was $1,214,940. December 31, 1838, 339 vessels were owned in the county of New London; tonnage, 28,108 82-95ths; value of the same, $,250,000; 2657 hands employed. From two-thirds to three-fourths of the tonnage of the whole number of vessels of all kinds owned in the state of Connecticut, are in the county of New London. More than three-fourths of the entire cotton manufactories of the State, and more than half of the woollen manufactories, are in the counties of New London and Windham, through the heart of which this road passes.

Brown University.—The annual catalogue of this Institution represents it in the most flourishing condition, such as must be highly gratifying to its numerous friends. The faculty consists of the President, five professors, with an additional professor to be appointed, and three tutors. The number of students is 177, viz: Seniors 44—Juniors 39—Sophomores 50—Freshmen 41—in the partial course 3.—The course of study has been enlarged and improved. Lectures are delivered upon the Antiquities and Literature of Greece and Rome, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Physiology Animal and Vegetable, Rhetoric, Intellectual Philosophy, Evidences of Christianity and Geology. The annual expense, including board, and all college bills, varies from 120 to 140 dollars, according to the tastes and habits of the students.—*Providence Journal.*

Howard Benevolent Society.—Officers for ensuing year, elected Oct. 22:—Moses Grant, President—Calvin Whiting, Treasurer—Artemas Simonds, Secretary. Standing Committee—Frederick Gould, Lewis Jones, S. G. Shipley, T. W. Haskins, J. Moriarty, D. T. Coit, Alvan Simonds, Jos. Eustis, J. W. Gates, H. Chadbourn, Rev. W. Howe, T. Tarbell, and J. W. Warren, Jr.—*Merc. Journal.*

Turkish Manners.—We understand that Mr. Oseanyan proposes before his return to Turkey, to repeat his lectures on the Domestic Habits of the inhabitants of Constantinople. His familiar acquaintance with the habits and manners of the Turks, from having been born and educated among them, enables him to render his lectures on this subject highly entertaining.

Sugar Crop.—The Attakapas Gazette of the 12th says—'We understand that some of the sugar planters of St. Marys will commence rolling their crops this day, the cane being now sweeter that it has been for many years past, even at a more advanced period of the season. By the first of November, we presume every sugar plantation in this part of the State will be in full operation. Should the weather continue favorable, the crops will be abundant, and the sugar of a quality equal if not superior to any hitherto made.'—*New Orleans Bulletin.*

Connecticut Centennial Celebration.—The Connecticut Historical Society is making preparations to cele brate the adoption of the first civil constitution of the Colony, by the settlers of Hartford, Windsor, and Wethersfield, in 1639. The venerable Noah Webster of New Haven, who was born at Hartford and is now past *four-score* years of age has consented to deliver the address on the occasion if his health permit.

The New York Merchants at their meeting on Saturday evening, resolved to sustain the Banks in their determination to maintain specie payments; relying on their disposition and intention to extend their discounts as far as might be warrantable under all circumstances. They declared that the interests of the merchants, mechanics, manufacturers, and the banks, were identical, and that reciprocal confidence and assistance was absolutely necessary to preserve their monied institutions from disaster, and their trading community from increased distress if not ruin. They deprecated all hostile feeling towards any sister city, or between any banking institutions in their own city, and look forward with hope to some system, on the part of the Government, which might place the currency and the financial in a sound and permanent condition.

Mobile, it is calculated, has lost nearly one-third of its population of the yellow fever, and five hundred buildings, amounting to about two millions of property by the conflagration.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

The Pope has just caused the fresco paintings of Raphael, in the Vatican, to be restored. They had not been cleaned since 1702; and they have now recovered all their original brightness.

There are now confined in the public and private establishments for the treatment of insanity in London and its neighborhood, no fewer than *sixty* men and women who consider themselves the legitimate but unacknowledged sovereigns of the country!

A plan has been proposed by Mr Fowell Buxton, for abolishing the slave trade, by establishing a lucrative commerce with Africa, which shall render it advantageous to the inhabitants to quit their present trade in one another's persons.

The Caspian Sea, during the month of July, was greatly agitated by storms, during which eighteen Russian and Persian vessels were lost.

The rebuilding of the Kremlin has been commenced at Moscow. It is to be built in the old style of Russo-Tartar architecture.

Measures have been taken in Liverpool, towards making a tunnel under the Mersey, to connect Liverpool with Cheshire.

A Russian Heir.—'The hereditary settlement of the property of the Countess Branicki,' says the *Constitutionnel*, 'is concluded. Although in her life time this lady had richly endowed her three daughters, her son, Count Ladislas Branicki, becomes the inheritor of 2,400,000 acres, with 100,000 male and as many female serfs, besides 60,000,000 rubles, and personal property estimated at 4,000,000 rubles.'

Brazilian Slave Trade.—It is said that the British government are about taking the most active measures to break up the slave trade which is now extensively carried on between Brazil and Africa. An addition has been made to the cruisers in those latitudes, and a receiving ship is to be sent out. But it is feared that all their exertions will hardly suffice to put a stop to this horrid traffic in human flesh—so long as the profits arising from this traffic are so enormous as at the present. The British Commissioners at Rio Janeiro, in a letter to Lord Palmerston, dated October 27th, 1838, and just laid before Parliament, says, 'Indeed, unless the whole subject be put upon another footing, and the disposal of the Africans, when nominally emancipated, shall be differently ordered, little or no benefit, we consider, to the cause of humanity, can result from the sacrifices made, or making, by Great Britain to suppress the Brazilian slave trade.'—*Mer. Jour.*

The Slave Trade.—The Queen of Portugal, Donna Maria, has published a manifesto to the governments of Europe in relation to the measures proposed to be adopted by Great Britain for the suppression of the slave trade. It is published in the Diario of Lisbon, of the 26th of August.

'The measure proposed to be adopted by the British government, ought to be taken into consideration by the governments of the two worlds. It is a flagrant violation of the laws of nations, as it is a direct attack upon the sovereignty and imprescriptible rights of every independent monarchy.

'Her Majesty, resolved to maintain her rights and the dignity of her crown, has thought it to be her duty to address the powers which signed the treaty of Vienna, as the firm supporters of the European balance of power, and as the guarantees of the declaration, made at that Congress, that the fixing of the period when the slave trade should cease, universally, should be the subject of negotiation among the powers of Europe. This declaration excludes all idea of abolishing the slave trade by coercive measures.'

The immediate occasion or inducement of this manifesto, was the act passed at the late session of the British Parliament, authorising British cruisers to search vessels, no matter under what flag, suspected of being slavers. Our readers may remember that the Duke of Wellington and other peers protested against the bill, for various reasons, but chiefly because action under it would strongly tend to cause misunderstandings and disputes with other powers.

But although the rigorous measures against the slave trade, about to be put in force by England, are the direct cause of the manifesto, we are inclined to think that a feeling of general hostility has had some share in it. The friendship of Portugal for England has been for some time cooling—indeed we may say, almost ever since the accession of Donna Maria. Certain commercial relations, very strongly desired by England, and solicited with much earnestness, have been as strongly objected to by Portugal, and as yet, we believe, denied; and sundry other matters have arisen, from time to time, to cause mutual dissatisfaction. In a word, we have been induced to anticipate, for some months past, a termination of the offensive and defensive alliance so long subsisting between Great Britain and Portugal, as an event by no means improbable.—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

SCHOOL LECTURES.

The seventh lecture will be given at Tremont Hall, opposite the Savings Bank, on Wednesday, Nov. 6th, at half past 3 o'clock, P. M., by Rev. Gardner B. Perry of Bradford. Subject—How may a tendency with children to impurity and profaneness be restrained?

G. F. THAYER, for the Committee.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr Ripley, Mr Edward H. Whyte to Miss Eliza W. daughter of Ebenezer Trescott, Esq.

By Rev. Mr Pierpont, Mr Bulkley A. Hastings to Miss Cynthia A. Dix.

In South Boston, Mr Daniel Plummer to Miss Mary T. Gordon, formerly of Portsmouth, N. H.

In Attleboro' Mr Elisha G. May to Miss Ann Janet Draper.

In Taunton, Samuel A. Dean Esq. to Miss Charity W. daughter of the late Gen. Cromwell Washburn.

DEATHS.

In this city, of consumption, Mr Charles B. Prescott, aged 37.

In this city, Mrs Sarah, wife of the late John Bray, Esq. 74 years.

In Cambridgeport, Cordelia Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Mr Josiah Burrage, 5 years.

In Brighton, Oct 25, by typhus fever, Mr Caleb Cook, aged 27.

In Chelsea, Mr Robert Henry Stodder, late of the firm of T. Tarbell & Co. of this city, aged 37.

In Cambridge, Arthur youngest child of Edmund A. and Harriet Chapman, 14 months.

NEW BOOKS.—At B. H. GREENE'S, 124 Washington street.
Luther and his times.
Tea and Coffee.
The Lectures.
Pebblebrook and the Harding Family
The Well Bred Boy.
A Wreath for the Tomb.
Jonas's Stories.
Rollo's Experiments.
Rollo's Museum.
The Sunday School, by Jason Whitman.
3t nov 2

BOSTON QUARTERLY REVIEW.—The subscriber would give notice, that, since the last number of the above Review was published, in which it was stated that the work would close with that volume, arrangements have been made to continue its publication, and that he has assumed the whole responsibility of the publishing department. Mr Brownson will also continue to be the Editor as heretofore, and the contributions of several literary and scientific gentlemen are pledged for the coming year. This work will appear promptly on the first day of January next.
The former popularity of this work, and the independent stand it has taken, are too well known and appreciated to need comment here; but as the motto of the Review is *Progress*, no doubt can be entertained of its taking for the future as elevated a stand as any periodical in the country.
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Shakspeare and his Friends.
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NEW ENGLISH ANNUALS FOR 1840.—Fisher's Drawing Room Scrap-Book, with poetical illustrations by L. E. L. and Mary Howitt, thirty six engraving, elegantly bound.
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nov 2

JUVENILE AND SABBATH SCHOOL BOOKS.—A good assortment of well selected Juvenile Books, including the best issued in New York and Philadelphia. For sale by JO

POETRY.

(From the Evening Gazette.)

THE CARDINAL POINT.

BY REV. SAMUEL D. ROBBINS.

Thou art, oh GOD! my EAST.—In thee I dawned.
Within me ever may thy Day-spring shine!
Then for each night of sorrow I have mourned,
I'll bless Thee, Father! since it proves me thine.

Thou art, oh GOD! my NORTH.—My trembling soul
Like a charmed needle yearns to Thee alone.
The waves of time, and storms of life shall roll
My trusting spirit homeward to thy throne.

Thou art, oh GOD! my SOUTH.—Thy gentle love
Perennial summer o'er my path has shed;
And constant verdure from thy warmth above,
With wine and oil thy grateful child has fed.

Thou art, oh GOD! my WEST.—Within thine arms,
Glad as the setting sun, may I decline;
Baptized from earthly stains, from death's alarms,
Immortal rise, in thy new heavens to shine.

(From the National Ægis.)

TO A HUMMING BIRD.

Whence come you? bright bird! from regions afar,
From the radiance, bright, of some golden star,
That we almost deem, as we gaze on its light,
The glorious home of some spirit, bright?

Or come you from some fair land of earth,
Where beauty smiles on the flowret's birth,
Where the nightingale warbles his tuneful strain,
That wooes the listener to come again?

Where is your home?—mid the dew-gemmed isles
Where the orient sun on nature smiles,
And the voice is heard in every grove,
In the thrilling strains of joy and love?

Your home? your home? Is't where cassias wave
On the perfumed air, and the streamlets lave
The feet of the timid and bright gazelle,
As he flies to his haunt in some wild lone dell?

Where beauty sits in her vine-clad bower,
Or carefully trains her '*favorite flower*'?—
Where the ceaseless gushing of founts is heard?
Your home,—is it there? Thou bright glad bird!

To southern climes, go, hie ye back--
Or wintry winds may be on your track!
Too long,--too long you have lingered here;
When will you in your own realms appear?

Haste! haste thee away to thy own fair clime,
Where ne'er the relentless hand of time
May make such changes as here appear,
In all that was bright in the vanished year.

Go dwell in the myrtle and orange groves,
Where the southern daughter of romance roves,—
Where the fire-flies dance in their southern home,
And no chilling blast of the north may come!

Yet thou'lt pass, fair bird! thou wilt pass away
Like the parting gleam of a summer's day,
Thou wilt leave no trace behind thee to show
That here thou hast dwelt,—aye thus wilt thou go!

Ah! yes. 'Tis for us to pass away,
Like the setting sun's last, parting ray,
That leaves us, but opens a world more bright,—
A world of beauty—a world of light.

Worcester, Oct. 16, 1839. L. A. P.

TO A DYING CHRISTIAN.

Parting soul! the flood awaits thee,
And the billows round thee roar:
Yet look on—the crystal city
Stands on yon celestial shore!
There are crowns and thrones of glory,
There the living waters glide;
There the just in shining raiment,
Wander by Emmanuel's side.

Linger not—the stream is narrow,
Though its cold dark waters rise;
He who pass'd the flood before thee,
Guides thy path to yonder skies:
Hark! the sound of angels hymning
Rolls harmonious o'er thine ear:
See! the walls, the golden portals
Through the mist of death appear.

Soul, adieu—this gloomy sojourn
Holds thy captive feet no more;
Flesh is dropt, and sin forsaken,
Sorrow done, and weeping o'er.
Thro' the tears thy friends are shedding,
Smiles of hope serenely shine;
Not a friend remains behind thee,
But would change his lot for thine.

EDMESTON.

TO MARY.

'Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set--but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, oh! Death.'
Mrs. Hemans.

While yet upon thy youthful brow,
Life's morning light lay fair,
And o'er thy cheek the early rose,
Bloom'd all unblanch'd by care,

While hope within thy dreaming heart,
A lovely altar made,
Where kneeling with sweet melodies,
Her fairest pearls she laid;

While the calm sky of kindred love,
Bent over all thy way,
And starry light and summer tints,
Ever around thee lay,

The shadow of the pale wing fell,
With dark relentless gloom,
To hush the music of thy life,
To blight its opening bloom.

How didst thou quaff the icy cup,
With shrinking and with dread?
From the seraphic lip of Faith
Its mystic terror fled.

Unto thy soul for the strong hour,
An angel's wing was given,
To bear it thro' the shadowy way,
Plum'd in the light of Heaven!

We wept to know thou slept so soon
The slumber of the dead,
That dust upon thy gentle form
So early had been shed--

But even on our tears arose
The vision of thy rest,
We saw thee in thy spirit-home,
We felt that thou wert blest,

That ere on earth thy heart's sweet buds
Had wasted their perfume,
Or the world's breath hath o'er them pass'd
A withering simoom,

They were borne hence, where blight comes not
In purer air to breathe,
To unfold beneath celestial skies
A fair and deathless wreathe.

And tho' amid life's wanderings,
Our hearts e'ermore must beat
With yearnings vain—thy step—thy smile—
The greeting tone to meet,

Yet Sorrow on her midnight robe,
Wears Faith's resplendent star,
The herald of a meeting hour,
From parting fears afar.

Waterville. L. H. H.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE LITTLE PILGRIM.

The only youthful inmate of a large old fashioned house in an ancient town in the very centre of Old England, was Maria Walker. She lived with her grand-mamma and two maiden aunts, whom she would have called very old indeed, though they by no means were of the same opinion. Indeed, the little girl most strenuously maintained on all suitable, and many unsuitable occasions, that they never could have been so young as they seemed in their pictures, which represented them as two tall awkward girls, just struggling into womanhood; one with a parrot on her hand, the other with an ominous kitten in her arms, and both with the blackest of hair, the reddest of cheeks, the whitest of frocks, and the pinkest of sashes.

Most people would have expected to find little Maria a very dull unhappy child, it seemed such an uncongenial atmosphere for the buoyant spirits of a merry little girl; for the stillness of death reigned through the house, whose echoes were seldom awakened by any sound, save that of Lilly's tail patting against the drawing room door, when, finding it shut, she took that method of gaining admittance to the fireside circle, where her beautiful white fur contrasted very well with the rich folds of grandmamma's black silks and satins. Lilly was the descendant of the kitten in Aunt Maria's pictured embrace, and this was a circumstance which sadly perplexed the youthful mind of Maria, who could not reconcile the idea of so old a creature being the grandchild of so young a one; her grandmamma and herself she justly observed, were the very reverse.

Maria, however, was a very happy child, though she durst not make a noise any where except in her own play-room, at the top of the house. Of course she had her troubles like all other little girls, even those whose voices are never checked; and she used to get into sad scrapes sometimes, but then she used soon to get out of them, and she was neither perplexed by regrets for the past nor fears for the future.

The very first serious difficulty Maria could recollect finding herself in, occurred one day when grandmamma and both aunts were gone to dinner; an event of very rare occurrence, and of momentous interest in the family. Both aunts had some scruples about the propriety of leaving Maria so very long alone, for company dinners at Oldtown were celebrated at two o'clock; but as neither of them seemed for a moment to contemplate the possibility of staying at home to take care of her, their anxieties assumed the form of strict injunctions to Mrs Martha, the house-keeper, on no account to let her go out of her sight.

Now, Mrs Martha had not the slightest intention of being guilty of a breach of her trust. But she had bought some fine green tea, and had asked two ladies' maids to drink tea with her; and it did not at all comport with her idea of comfort, that Miss Maria should be beside them all the afternoon, and have it in her power to retail in the drawing room next day all the news which she hoped to hear.

Anxious to avoid equally the frying pan and the fire, as she afterward said to Hannah the housemaid, she determined to give Miss Maria the materials to make a little feast, with her Tunbridge-ware dinner service, and conveyed the little girl's table and little chair to a spot on the grass plot opposite the large window that opened to the ground from her own room. There she placed them, with a large basket of toys, in the shade which the spreading wing of a monstrous eagle, cut in box afforded, believing that the child would be constantly within sight, and if she strayed, that she should miss her directly, and would quickly follow. Why the ladies were so very anxious on this particular day that she should be watched, she did not know, as Miss Maria was accustomed to play by herself in the garden for hours every day; 'but I dare say its but natural,' she soliloquised, 'when they seldom go a pleasuring, that they should be frightened about her.'

Maria was in general a very good little girl, and if she had been allowed to have her childish curiosity reasonably gratified, the desire that now filled her whole mind would have had no place there. But Aunt Charlotte so invariably insisted that little girls were never allowed to ask questions, for that when they grew up, they would know every thing that was good for them to know; and she had very recently smarted so severely under the laughter of her aunts, when she had asked if rivers had teeth as well as mouths, that she resolved she would ask no questions, but try to find out for herself what at present she so much wished to know; and the day when grandmamma and aunts were to dine out, appeared so suitable for the attempt, that it was with unqualified pleasure she heard that Mrs Martha was to exercise the rites of hospitality on the same evening. Maria's education had been far from neglected. She could read very well, had begun to learn to write, and had received lessons in geography and history; though, from the dry, tedious manner in which they were administered, her ideas of time and space were very confused. She had formed a theory of her own, that all celebrated persons of different countries whose names began with the same kind of sound, were contemporaries; that, for instance, Queen Anne and Hannibal, Queen Mary and Marius, Brutus and Bruce the traveller, might have known each other, if they had but lived near enough. Her ideas of geography were not much less vague, as may be inferred from the fact, that she believed certain mounds in the church-yard to be really what Mrs Martha asserted them to be, the graves of the infants slaughtered by Herod. Her grandmamma told all her friends what very great pains she took to give Maria good principles. Her lectures on these points might all be reduced to five heads; namely, to put every thing in its place, to do every thing in its proper time, and to keep every thing to its proper use, to be genteel, and to hate the French. It will not be surprising that, with such training, the perusal of the Pilgrim's Progress, a copy of which had recently been presented to her, gave an entirely new bias to her thoughts. Sorely puzzled was she to guess how much of it might be true, when, one day, as they were driving out in the carriage, she saw at a little distance from the road a very handsome house. On some one asking the name of it, she did not hear the answer distinctly, but was quite sure she heard the word Beautiful; and as they began to descend a hill, she immediately concluded that it was the palace Beautiful; and that the hill was the hill of Difficulty. One great point was now ascertained, that there were really such places; but she began to be sadly distressed when it occurred to her that they were travelling in the wrong direction from what they ought to be doing.

Oldtown was a town where fewer changes occurred than in more populous modern places, and Maria scarcely recollected ever to have heard of any one's leaving it. Certainly she had never heard of any one going on a pilgrimage, and she wondered very much how her aunts, who had told her the pilgrim's progress was so very good a book, should have read it without thinking it necessary to take the advice it conveyed.

The rector of the parish happened to call the very next day at Mrs Walker's, and, as he was going away, inquired so kindly after the little girl, that she was called in from the garden to see him. He asked what book it was she was reading, and when she said it was the Pilgrim's Progress, he stroked her head, and said he hoped she would not delay setting out on her pilgrimage till she was the age of Christian, adding that a youthful pilgrim was the most interesting object he knew. This last observation was addressed to her aunts, who assented to it, as they did to every thing Mr Roberts said, and it confirmed the resolution which Maria had already taken of setting out alone. I need hardly add, that the day she fixed upon was the one to which we have already so often alluded.

The party assembled in the housekeeper's room had just reversed their cups in their saucers, as a signal that they did not wish them replenished, when one of the party requested Mrs Martha's permission to bestow a piece of bread, thickly buttered, and covered with sugar, upon Miss Maria—we presume as a token of gratitude for keeping out of their way. Consent was obtained, but as Miss Maria was not to be seen, the whole party issued forth into the garden in search of her. Every walk was explored, but in vain, and at last a little gate, leading into a wood being found open, the wood was searched, but with no better success. What anguish did Mrs Martha suffer when she thought how faithfully she had promised not to let the child go out of her sight! They retraced their steps to the house, some one suggesting that she might be there. But no! all their search was in vain. Hannah thought she had gone to buy some barley sugar, but she had not been seen at the shop, nor on the road to it, for Hannah stopped to ask every one she met if they had seen the child.—Hour after hour was spent in unavailing search, and at last the ladies arrived at home, when a scene of confusion ensued that baffles description.—In the midst of it a boy arrived with a little shoe, which he said he thought must belong to young madam: of its being hers there could be no doubt; and many were the tears shed, over what Mrs Martha said, was all that now remained of Miss Maria. The boy could give no information as to where this relic was found, for a woman whom he did not know had given it to him to bring to Mrs Walker's, saying only that she had got it from a man, whom she did not know, who said he had found it, but she did not ask where, but she had heard that a little lady had been lost at Oldtown, and she thought, if it was hers, it might be a comfort to her friends to have something that had belonged to her.

But it is time that we should return to Maria. When she had made up her mind to set out, it was a distressing thought to her that she knew not the direction in which to turn for the purpose of finding the path she was to pursue, and she determined to ask no one by the way, for fear of encountering Mr Worldly Wiseman. The road by which they came in the carriage, she knew, did not bring them through the Wicket Gate. She concluded, therefore that there must be some different route through the fields to the foot of the hill Difficulty, which she could see distinctly from the garden; so she resolved to make her way through the fields for the chance of finding it; but should she not succeed in getting there by the right path, and when she reached the porter's lodge at the gate of the palace, she would there ask them to take her back to the beginning of the path, which she was sure some of them would do. She set out, then, expecting every moment to hear her name called from behind her; for she remembered that Christian's friends were clamorous that he should return, and she naturally supposed hers might be so too; but she was firmly resolved to pursue the same course that he did, and put her fingers in her ears, that she might not hear. She had her misgivings certainly, as to the propriety of leaving home; but then she thought Mr Roberts had so distinctly recommended her journey, that her aunt could not blame her very much, particularly as it had not escaped her observation how cordially they had agreed with him as to the necessity of it; and they had so often on a Sunday evening exhorted her to do during the week all that Mr Roberts had enforced in his sermons, that she thought or tried to think, that for once they could have no cause to complain.

She scrambled over or through several hedges, without seeing any thing at all like a path through the fields, still she fancied she was gaining upon the hill, and she thought if she reached the palace, they would allow her to sleep there, although she had not come in by the Wicket Gate, since she really wished to go through it, and she amused herself by wondering whether she should sleep in the same room where Christian had slept, and whether they would give her any armor, or whether it was only worn by men pilgrims. She was interrupted in her reverie by seeing a number of cows running, as she feared, towards her; so she began to run too, and it was not till she had climbed a gate into the next field, that she missed one of her shoes, which had fallen off in her rapid flight—that same shoe which had caused so much lamentation at home. She durst not go back and look for it, as a dog was still chasing the cows, but she thought she could manage to walk without it, as the grass was so very soft, and she was sure either Prudence, Piety, or Charity, would give her a new one. At last she reached the high road, and began to ascend the hill. By this time she was very tired, very sleepy, and very hungry, but she remembered Christian had felt very sleepy here also; and she resolved, however tired, not to sleep in the arbor, for which, however, she looked in vain, and concluded it had been pulled down; she could not help feeling glad of it, as with her tired little limbs it certainly would have been difficult to resist the temptation. She was very much shocked to see how many people were coming down the hill, and that no one but herself was ascending it. At length she saw two tall, big men apparently running a race down, and her little heart beat more rapidly at the thought how very awful the lions must look; for if these were not Timorous and Mistrust themselves, she did not for a moment doubt that they were terrified in the same manner. She had not seen any lions the day they passed in the carriage, and she had sometimes almost ventured to hope that they no longer existed; but how the poor thing trembled when, on reaching the bend of the road, where it swept off to the lodge she had before seen, there appeared reposing under the shade of two fine beech trees, two enormous lions! Maria was no great naturalist, or she would have perceived at once that they were made of stone; but she never for a moment doubted that they were really the lions.—She stood gazing and trembling for some time, continually repeating, 'The lions were chained, but he saw not the chains;' and then summoning up all her courage, she ran swiftly between them, passed through the gate and knocked with all her little might at the door of the lodge.

It was opened by a tall good-humored looking man; and Maria, awe-struck at beholding at length one of the individuals of whom she had thought so much, dropped a deep courtesy, and said, 'if you please, sir, are you Watchful?' 'Why as to that Miss,' said the man smiling good-humoredly, 'I hopes to be; what did you please to want?' 'I want Discretion, if you please sir,' said Maria. 'I say, Missis,' said the man, looking over his shoulder at his wife, didst ever hear the like of that? As says as how she wants discretion.' 'Well, I've seed many a one as wanted it afore, but never one owned to it.' A sharp featured vinegar looking woman now appeared, looking very unlike any thing Maria expected to see so near the house Beautiful. 'So you want discretion, Miss, do you? Well, I wonder if there's any thing else you want?' 'I thought,' said Maria, trying to feel brave, 'I might perhaps be allowed to sleep here or at the palace.' A private confabulation now took place between the husband and wife, in which it was agreed that he should take Maria to the quality at the great house, as may be they would make something great of her. Maria felt very proud when she found herself in the hand of Mr Watchful, and actually on the way to the palace. Her guide left her outside, while he asked to speak to Mrs Adams, to whom he said that the little lady's intellect seemed all of a heap together, it was such a queer thing to hear a child like her talk of discretion, though no doubt it was all very true. Mrs Adams told him to get a horse ready, that she might send him off to the friends of the little girl, as soon as she ascertained who they were; and she came and led Maria by the hand into the drawing-room so tenderly, and looked so very kindly, that Maria began to feel quite reassured. She was delighted to see three young ladies in the room, who, of course, were Piety, Prudence, and Charity. Mrs Adams, as soon as she had given her a large slice of bread and butter and some new milk, said, 'Now, my dear, you'll tell us what your name is, and who your papa and mamma are.' 'My name ma'am, is Maria Walker, but I never had either a papa or mamma,' replied Maria with the greatest simplicity. 'And where do you live dear?' 'At Oldtown, with my grandmamma.' And where are you going, my love?' 'I did not want to go farther than this house to night. I always intended to sleep here.' 'And does any one know you were coming here?' 'No, ma'am. No one knew exactly that I meant to come to day; but our clergyman, Mr Roberts, strongly advised me to come, and he said I could not set out too soon.' And what was your object in coming, Maria?' 'I wished to set an example to all the people of Oldtown,' was the answer, and both Mrs Adams and her daughters were quite at a loss what to think of their little visiter.

Maria however, had gained so much courage, that she thought she might venture to ask a few questions, and began with, 'Do many children come here, ma'am?' 'Yes, sometimes we have children here.—We're all very fond of them when they are good.' 'And have you got any armor for little girls, ma'am?' This was almost too much for the gravity of Mrs Adams, but she determined not to let her see how much amused she was, but rather to encourage her in asking any questions she pleased, hoping by that means to obtain a clue to the very extraordinary state in which her mind seemed to be. 'Oh no!' she said; 'but why do you want to know?' 'I was afraid you had not,' said Maria; and then looking very serious, 'Please ma'am, tell me is this house very near the valley of the Shadow of Death?' My poor little child, said Mrs Adams, drawing her close to her and kissing her, 'that none of us can tell: it may be nearer than we think.' 'But you will not send me there to night, will you?' and the child half cried as she asked the question.—'You'll let me stay and sleep here?'—'Yes, that you shall, dear little wanderer, and I think you must need sleep very much, for you look tired, and your little hand is very hot.' 'I suppose nobody ever comes back here that's been through the Valley,' continued the child, almost as if thinking aloud. This touched a chord in every bosom present, that thrilled through them, for their mourning was yet new for one very dear to them, who had been suddenly hurried through that valley of which Maria spoke.

'I've been thinking, ma'am, it would be a terrible thing for a little girl like me to go there alone without any armor; oh! please do let Piety go with me—oh, pray do!' said the child, wondering what she could possibly have said to make them all cry so. At this moment the porter arrived to say he was ready, and Mrs Adams desired him to tell Mrs Walker her little Maria was safe, but very tired, and she would either take her home in the morning, or would be very happy to see the ladies if they liked to come and fetch her. 'I don't want to go home,' said Maria; I only want to go back as far as the Wicket Gate, that I may begin at the beginning.' 'Oh, now I see it all! exclaimed she whom Maria was sure must be Charity: 'you dear delightful creature, 'You've been reading the Pilgrim's Progress till your little head is turned, as I'm sure mine would have been at your age, if I had not had a good mamma, to explain it all to me; and as you never had a mamma, how could you know any thing about it.'

A few judicious questions now drew forth from Maria the whole story of her pilgrimage, and when her aunts arrived before breakfast next morning, they were quite surprised to find her looking so well, and happy, and rational as they had been very much frightened by Mr Watchful's account of what he called her light mindedness and want of discretion.

Mrs Adams begged she might be allowed to stay a few days with them; and before the time came for her departure, the beautiful allegory which had so much perplexed her, was made so very plain, that she thought she must have been extremely stupid, not to have found out the meaning herself

My young readers will, I am sure, be glad to hear that Maria who has now little girls of her own, has long since found the true Wicket Gate, and is anxious to show to others the privilege of being permitted to enter it. Few in the present day have not greater advantages than she had; and if any are induced to ask themselves the question whether, with superior instructions, they are equally in earnest to obtain, in the days of health, Piety for their companion through that dark valley, which sooner or later all must tread, my story will not have been in vain.—*Edinburgh Journal.*

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